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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life and Correspondence of Sir Thomas Lawrence. By D. E. Williams, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THESE two huge volumes are curious specimens of the art of book-making. First, Mr. Campbell closes his doors on the world, and sends lithographed letters to his friends, not to break in upon a solitude devoted to that important work, the *Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence*. After a time, the poet devolves his mantle on other shoulders, and a Mr. Williams is to enact our modern Elisha. Two large octavos then come forth, with about materials enough to have made a small one. Mr. Williams has as happy a knack as ever Dido had with her ox's hide, of making a little go a great way; and certainly takes as many words to express an idea as could well be pressed into such meagre service: still the hide, though cut into as small thongs as possible, is not sufficient to cover some thousand and eighty pages; it has, therefore, to be eked out by any thongs of sheep or asses' skins that came to hand. Sir Thomas Lawrence has the not uncommon destiny of occupying the smallest space in his own house; the first volume is three parts filled with digressions; page after page is occupied by quotations from periodical criticisms long since forgotten, and not worth renewing, save as matter of general reference: then there is a trial about one of Bartolozzi's engravings—an account of Fonthill, already familiar to every newspaper reader; long lists of various sales, useful enough in their way, and which might have made a few pages of appendix; a list of the persons who attended Mr. Opie's funeral; an account of the Charlemont family, to be found in every peerage,—also of the Angerstein,—in short, two-thirds of the first volume are occupied with matter quite extraneous to that in hand. The third portion, which is given to Lawrence himself, is particularly ill written, verbose, unconnected, and crowded with trifling details; and all the anecdotes as old as the general round of the newspapers could make them. The work is dedicated to Sir Robert Peel, in a style of coarse eulogium worthy of the days of Dryden, when a patron, for ten pounds, had every virtue under heaven. It is not till we arrive at the second volume that we find aught of either novelty or interest; here, however, is "metal more attractive," for it comprises a selection from Sir Thomas's correspondence, and his letters contain all that warmth of feeling, that originality, which are the never-failing characteristics of a first-rate mind. The following remark, which ushers them in, strikes us as peculiarly absurd:—

"Mr. Lawrence, with his incessant occupation, might be well excused for a want of punctuality in his private correspondence; nor can a similar want in a man of Mr. Pitt's business be so severely treated as to be termed a vicious indolence."

"Vicious indolence," forsooth! and what

has Mr. Pitt's example to do with it? The author seems to think it quite a hardship and injustice that Lord Londonderry has not placed in his hands what letters he may possess of our great painter, who was known to have corresponded with him. Now, we really must say, private letters are not public property; and this dragging to light of every careless expression, every feeling confided, makes the friends of most distinguished characters, now-a-days, little better than resurrection-men. The system of publication of letters, as soon as the hand that wrote them is cold in the grave, is enough to destroy all the confidence of private friendship. We have seen, however, few letters better able to bear the light than those now before us. Will not our readers join in the praise we give such passages as the following? Pleasure ought to make us grateful.

"You must forgive me, my dear friend, that, in the worrying moments of my short stay at Calais, I omitted to write to you as I promised and intended. My journey from thence to Paris was sufficiently rapid, and, as Lord Stewart fully expected me, I found on my arrival a most hearty welcome, and have experienced the kindest conduct from him ever since. Had I delayed my journey a day longer, I should have lost the view of some of the finest works of this gallery, the noblest assemblage of the efforts of human genius that was ever presented to the world. It very much surpassed my expectations, and particularly in its most celebrated pictures. The Transfiguration is still the very first. A few days will see the whole taken away; and much as we ought to reprobate the injustice by which the greater part of them was obtained, it is impossible to witness their departure without regret,—at least I know not how to check this feeling. No one can see France and Paris without bowing to the greatness and extent of this man's conceptions. I use a phrase that is forced upon me. I speak of him as present, and every where he is; and it is as impossible that he can ever be separated from the past greatness of his country, as for human efforts to blot out the sun. Her present state of just humiliation is extreme, and it does move one's compassion for poor Louis, who is utterly innocent of the crimes that have produced it, that, with the feelings of a Frenchman, and with all his goodness, he is doomed to present himself to his countrymen, on a throne 'so shorn of its beams,' and possibly for years, 'in dim eclipse.' That so much greatness of intellect, so vast a reach of thought (for the plans of improvement projected by Buonaparte are still superior to those effected,) should have been mixed with such insensibility to virtue, is, in my mind, one of the most painful mysteries of Divine wisdom that can be contemplated. Clemency, benevolence, magnanimity, are virtues that seem, of necessity, to belong to the being who could have projected works of so much usefulness, beauty, and magnificence; and he had none of

these! He only was not, in its accurate and worst sense,—cruel—wholly indifferent to human suffering, but not delighting in inflicting it as such."—*Letter from Paris, May 1814, to Miss Crofts.*

"I wish for habitual kindness—yes, because I feel it—and money concerns have no change in my feelings. This is sensibility.—(To the 'comfort working effects of money,' it is.)—But reflect how little I have been accustomed to consider them for myself. I have neither been extravagant nor profligate in the use of it; neither gaming, horses, curricles, expensive entertainments, nor secret sources of ruin from vulgar licentiousness, have swept it from me. I am, in every thing, but the effects of utter carelessness about money, the same being I was at Bath. The same delight in pure and simple pleasures—the same disdain of low enjoyments—the same relish for whatever is grand, however above me—the same admiration of what is beautiful in character—the same enthusiasm for what is exquisite in the productions, or generous in the passions, of the mind. I have met with duplicity, which I never practised, (for this is far removed from inconstancy of purpose,) and it has not changed my confidence in human nature, or my firm belief, that the good of it infinitely overbalances the bad. In moments of irritation I may have held other language; but it has been the errata of my heart; and this is the perfect book which I could offer, were my being now to end." This beautiful painting of himself is in a letter to Miss Leo, when pressed upon by, and despondent in consequence of, pecuniary embarrassments.

"If it be proof of a just claim to the character of a great painter, that he is master of his art, that proof is denied to me, for I am perpetually mastered by it; and am as much the slave of the picture I am painting, as if it had living personal existence, and chained me to it. How often in the progress of a picture, have I said, 'Well, I'll do no more!'—and after laying down my palette and pencils, and washing my hands, whilst wiping them dry I have seen the 'little more,' that has made me instantly take them up again. It is pleasant, that, though all is difficulty, (though governed by whatever general principles,) each picture has its own laws, and in that copy of nature, partakes of its infinite variety. Still, there is no vague uncertainty about it; the truth exists, and it is our business to find it out. A really fine critic should, on looking at a picture, be able to assign a cause and motive for every form and hue that compose it, since nothing in it is matter of accident, but with the ignorant and presumptuous. There is a sort of calculated foreseen accident, that is often happy. I select a brush, a pencil of loose form, whose touch may be irregular, and is therefore chosen by me, for the particular quality of the object; but this is intention, not chance, or chance selected by it. I have a peculiar pleasure and pride in the pictures I send to remote countries,

which are unacquainted with the higher works and principles of art. They might with security be deceived, and slighted by me. The judgment, the difficulty, (if I may say it), the science of the picture, will be lost upon them; but after they have, perhaps, for years liked and admired it as a resemblance, and been satisfied that it is a fair specimen of my talent, some great artist or true connoisseur may come among them, and then they will learn, that in every part, it is one of my most finished productions; that even for the monarch of my own country, I could not have laboured with more skill and vigilance, than I have done for strangers, whom I shall never see, and from whom neither praise might be expected, nor censure feared."—*Letter to Mrs. Wolff, after painting the portrait of Mirza Abul Hassan Khan.*

"His (Lord Byron's) vivid (and though dark) grand energy of thought awakens the imagination, and makes us bend to the genius, before we scrutinise the man; but when he forces us to do the latter, the former becomes an object of apprehension and disgust; and, accordingly, Lavater's system never asserted its truth more forcibly than in Lord Byron's countenance, in which you see all the character: its keen and rapid genius, its pale intelligence, its profligacy and its bitterness—its original symmetry distorted by the passions, his laugh of mingled merriment and scorn—the forehead clear and open, the brow boldly prominent, the eyes bright and dissimilar, the nose finely cut, and the nostril acutely formed—the mouth well formed, but wide, and contemptuous even in its smile, falling singularly at the corners, and its vindictive and disdainful expression heightened by the massive firmness of the chin, which springs at once from the centre of the full under-lip—the hair dark and curling, but irregular in its growth: all this presents to you the poet and the man, and the general effect is aided by a thin spare form, and, as you may have heard, by a deformity of limb."—*To Mrs. Wolff.*

"I am now returned from Claremont, my visit to which was agreeable to me in every respect; both in what regarded myself, my reception, and the complete success of my professional labours, and in the satisfaction of seeing the perfect harmony in which this young couple now live, and of observing the good qualities which promise to make it lasting. The princess is, as you know, wanting in elegance of deportment, but has nothing of the hoyden, or of that boisterous hilarity which has been ascribed to her: her manner is exceedingly frank and simple, but not rudely abrupt nor coarse; and I have, in this little residence of nine days, witnessed undeniable evidence of an honest, just, English nature, that reminded me, from its immediate decision between the right and wrong of a subject, and the downrightness of the feeling that governed it, of the good king, her grandfather. If she does nothing gracefully, she does every thing kindly. She already possesses a great deal of that knowledge of the past history of this country, that ought to form a part of her peculiar education. It is exceedingly gratifying to see that she both loves and respects Prince Leopold, whose conduct, indeed, and character, seem justly to deserve those feelings. From the report of the gentlemen of his household, he is considerate, benevolent, and just, and of very amiable manners. My own observation leads me to think, that, in his behaviour to her, he is affectionate and attentive, rational and discreet; and, in the exercise of that judgment which is some-

times brought in opposition to some little thoughtlessness, he is so cheerful and slyly humorous, that it is evident (at least it appears to me so) that she is already more in dread of his opinion than of his displeasure. Their mode of life is very regular: they breakfast together alone about eleven: at half-past twelve she came in to sit to me, accompanied by Prince Leopold, who stayed great part of the time: about three, she would leave the painting-room to take her airing round the grounds in a low phaeton with her ponies, the prince always walking by her side: at five, she would come in and sit to me till seven; at six, or before it, he would go out with his gun to shoot either hares or rabbits, and return about seven or half-past: soon after which, we went to dinner, the prince and princess appearing in the drawing-room just as it was served up. Soon after the dessert appeared, the prince and princess retired to the drawing-room, whence we soon heard the pianoforte accompanying their voices. At his own time, Col. Addenbrooke, the chamberlain, proposed our going in, always, as I thought, to disturb them. After coffee, the card-table was brought, and they sat down to whist, the young couple being always partners, the others changing. You know my superiority at whist, and the unfairness of my sitting down with unskilful players; I therefore did not obey command, and from ignorance of the delicacy of my motives, am recommended to study Hoyle before my second visit there next week, which indeed must be a very short one. The prince and princess retire at eleven o'clock."—*Letter written while painting the Princess Charlotte.*

"Rome I must leave, comparatively unseen; Rome, which only Lord Byron has feeling and capacity to describe. 'The Niobe of nations' it is indeed—the eternal city to the sons of time; for with that it must exist, linked as it is to every feeling, sentiment, impression, and power, of the human heart and mind. Paris and the Louvre, Rome and the Vatican!—the dissoluteness, the puppet-show decorations, and dissonance (Rome's purer share in it excepted), of a common fair, to the public devotion of a people, in gratitude displaying its magnificence in its highest temple. Bonaparte forces himself upon you in the Vatican, and you involuntarily exclaim, 'How could he see this?'—and then you remember that he never saw it; and that one addition, therefore, of crime and disgrace, is spared him in the having seen it, and still retained his hard and low ambition. You have seen his countenance; but could you have seen it at the moment that Rome and the Vatican met his eye, how dark would have been its expression, as that daring and arrogant spirit had retired within itself, baffled and defeated; for unless he could have fixed his seat of empire here, his toils had been nothing: and in the hands of this old man had still existed an empire over the soul, that even to himself had shamed his tyranny. I have already been often at St. Peter's and the Vatican, and for many hours each time. The latter I determined to see alone. Hereafter we shall have many a talk on the comparative merits of the two great men. Yesterday, I dined at half-past one, that I might remain till night in the Sistine Chapel and the Vatican, or rather in the chambers of Raphael, for, as you know, the former is part of the immense building. It often happens that first impressions are the truest—we change, and change, and then return to them again. I try to bring my mind in all the humility of truth, when estimating to myself the powers of

Michael Angelo and Raphael, and again and again the former 'bears down upon it,' to borrow a strong expression, 'with the compacted force of lightning.' The diffusion of truth and elegance, and often grandeur, cannot support itself against the compression of the sublime. There is something in that lofty abstraction—in those deities of intellect that people the Sistine Chapel, that converts the noblest personages of Raphael's drama into the audience of Michael Angelo, before whom you know that, equally with yourself, they would stand silent and awe-struck. Raphael never produced figures equal to the Adam and Eve of Michael Angelo. The latter is miserably given in Gavin Hamilton's print—all its fine proportions lost. Though it is Milton's Eve, it is more the mother of mankind; and yet nothing is coarse or masculine, but all is elegant, as lines of the finest flower. You seem to forsake humanity in surrendering Raphael; but God gave the command to increase and multiply before the fall, and Michael Angelo's is the race that would then have been. But you must read Mr. Fuseli, his only critic. In both the Sistine Chapel and the rooms of Raphael, all, in too many parts in them, is ruin and decay; at least it appears so to me, who was not sufficiently prepared for the ravages of neglect and time. I am exceedingly grieved to hear this account of the dangerous state of Mr. Owen's health, and beg you to present my kind compliments and remembrance to him. To write to him would, I fear, be thought obtrusive, and caused by his declining health. I say rather that he is in my remembrance, as one of those few of congenial minds with whom I could hold glad intercourse on these scenes around me, and whom I hope speedily to meet in his recovered strength. We must have many and many a struggle together yet. I am sure he would paint an admirable picture of the Duchess of ——. Ask him if she is not one of the most singular specimens of the cold and amiable that he has known."

"I become more and more charmed with Rome (rather a lady's phrase) as the period approaches when I must leave it. But there is a charm—a spell of bewitching influence about it, that no other place of residence could have, were but our friends participating in our enjoyment. Its past greatness, the magnificent edifices of its more recent power, its treasures in art, and the climate, the sweet pure hues of atmosphere that seem to sweep every thing in their own harmony, have influence on the feelings that makes even the Colosseum, with all its sublimity of ruin, an object of admiration, unmixed at the moment with one chilling or depressing thought; so sweetly are its hues, its strongest light or deepest shadow, still in unison with the heaven that gazes on it. (Don't think me too fanciful, Miss Emily—the thought is not mine, but Young's:—

'While o'er his head the stars in silence glide,
And seem all gazing on their future guest!')

Have you ever seen Rome from the top of the Villa Pamphili, in the evening sun of a fine day? You see grouped together, in small compass, three objects of great interest and beauty—Monte Mario, St. Peter's, and, in farthest distance, Soracte rears itself between them. Then, on the other side, you have all that the Alban hills command, with Tivoli, and its mountainous scenery, uniting the fine and various lines of horizon till they are stopped by the masses of the Vatican. I have this evening driven there alone (having determined to be to myself this whole day), and felt the exceeding beauty of the scene, with that undefined

loneliness of delight which amounts almost to pain, formed, as it is, of many causes—thoughts of the past, of youth, and friends, and absence,—which I think, when alone, the close of evening in the country always brings before us. I passed my morning for some hours in the Sistine chapel and the Vatican; and having the finest light, I sent up and procured an order to admit me to go round the top of the chapel in the narrow gallery, which possibly you may remember, over the cornice. I thus saw the noble work with closer inspection, and therefore more advantage. With all your love of Raphael, my dear ladies, you must and shall believe in the superiority of that greater being, of whom in grateful, virtuous sincerity your painter himself said, ‘I bless God that I live in the time of Michael Angelo.’ Admired and popular as he was, it was fine, yet only just, in him to say so; and from frequent comparison of their noble works, I am the more convinced of the entire veracity of Sir Joshua Reynolds’s decision in favour of Michael Angelo. I am not used, I hope, to be presumptuous in my opinions about art; but, in my own mind, I think I know that Sir Joshua Reynolds could not have had another opinion on the subject. There are many able and judicious opponents to it, but I believe they would cease to be so on examination of the work itself, instead of viewing it in sterile and false copies, or exaggerated imitation. Amongst the imitators of Michael Angelo I never include Mr. Fuseli, who, in all qualities of fine composition, is entirely original. Michael Angelo’s line is often (I should say usually) severely pure. Michael Angelo is often, and in the highest degree, elegant in his forms and proportions—his Eve reaching at the apple is an example of it, and in dignified beauty, has never been equalled by Raphael; whilst the awful and appropriate simplicity of his tone, and that breadth of light and shadow, so very finely described by Mr. Fuseli (I mean in his whole account of this noble work—as a masterpiece of elevated criticism), produce altogether an impression on the reason, as well as the imagination, against which all the variety, and beauty, and sometimes grandeur, of Raphael, contend in vain. It is Hector against Achilles: you love him, but see that he must yield.”—Written during his visit to the Continent, in 1819.

How true is the following remark:—

“Your knowledge of mankind, of human nature, will tell you how much of prosperity is to be veiled, if we would have any but our heart’s friends sympathise in it: since it is a severer test than adversity, in which something of secret pride and self-love is generally an accompaniment to service. But heartily to rejoice with a friend in that state in which he needs not our assistance, and to whom fortune may seem for the moment too partial in her kindness, is friendship beyond the reach of doubt.”

Again:—“I write for your own private eye, and that of my dear sister only; since no mistake can be greater than that of expecting to produce participation of pleasure, by the communication of prosperous and flattering details. It is not always pleasant to the self-love of the hearers; and in genuine feeling, there are ten friends to our adverse, to one in our good fortune.”

We have now only to express our regret that so interesting a task should have fallen into such incompetent hands. Mr. Williams has no sort of literary talent; his ideas are vague and trite; his style inelegant, diffuse, and yet ambitious. Simple and common phraseology is one of a writer’s first merits. Now

we doubt whether such epithets as follow will not send half his readers to the dictionary:—“Anhelation,” “asperous,” “crassid.” A collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence’s letters, with a brief and well-written sketch of his life prefixed, would have made a most delightful volume. We still recommend such a work to the attention of the publishers. As for what is called Sir Thomas’s private life, nothing can be more unauthentic or confused: we do not imagine Mr. Williams even knew (or most slightly) the man whose biography he has attempted. We are personally acquainted with several important parts of his history which the author either has not investigated so as to arrive at the truth, or has willfully glossed over and misrepresented. Upon these, and an unmannerly as well as unjustifiable statement relative to Mrs. Wolff (vol. ii. p. 47), we shall probably have to offer a few remarks hereafter.

The work, to employ the usual phrase, is handsomely got up, and illustrated with three fine portraits of Lawrence, at different periods of his life.

Sketches of Spain and Morocco. By Sir Arthur de Capell Brooke, Bart. M.A. F.R.S., &c., author of “Travels to the North Cape of Europe,” “A Winter in Lapland,” &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

SIR ARTHUR BROOKE has, in these pages, gone over a good deal of ground where little of novelty could be expected; he has also traversed parts of Africa, respecting the present state of which little is known. His work is pleasingly and unaffectedly, though not elegantly written; and it is precisely one of those entertaining books of travel which are well calculated to suit the general reader, without presenting any strong claims to perpetuity beyond the usual limits of the genus of “Sketches.”

Let us, for the present at least, pass over the voyage to Lisbon, Lisbon itself, its tertulias and operas—the journey to Seville—Seville, bull-fights, and description of Andalusian costumes—Cadiz—even the making of Sherry—Gibraltar—Tangier—Moorish and Jewish festivals—drop at once into Tetuan, and introduce our readers to its ruler.

“Muley Abderahman Ben Hisham, the present sultan—or, as he is styled by Europeans, emperor of Morocco, although his title in Moorish is soltan—had not as yet visited his sea-ports and extended dominions on the coast, since his accession to the throne of Morocco in 1822, having since that period been fully occupied in consolidating his power in the interior parts of his empire, and crushing his rebellious subjects. The succession to the crown not being fixed in Morocco, the demise of the reigning sultan generally entails upon this unfortunate country a constant scene of bloodshed and contention; and although Muley Abderahman had been enabled to seat himself in comparative quiet upon the throne, yet the rebellions of his subjects, particularly of the Atlas tribes, have fully engaged his attention since that period. His character is bigoted, indolent, and luxurious; possessing few good qualities, and yet not remarkable, as is generally the case, for any very extreme tyranny and cruelty; on which account he is considered, and very naturally so in this country, as a good monarch. Plunder and extortion are so common in Morocco, that they become virtues in comparison with the usual atrocities committed; and of these privileges the present sultan, according to reports, has availed himself pretty largely, in order to replenish his

coffers, and give him the means of consolidating his power. On what a precarious foundation the authority of a despot rests, and how slight are the ties between a tyrant and his slaves, will be seen from the continual state of unequity in which this country always is, and the constant necessity there exists for the sultan to be moving about to keep his rebellious people quiet. When he leaves Morocco for Fez or Mequinez, the southern provinces are sure to rise in rebellion; and whenever he quits the latter capitals, his departure is generally followed by a revolt in the northern parts of his dominions.”

This gentleman’s usual mode of replenishing his treasury is exemplified by the following instance, “in the case of Amaar, the bashaw of El Garb, whose command extended almost from Mequinez to Tetuan, an extent of district equal to a small kingdom. Some of the mountain tribes having complained against him to the sultan, were informed by the latter that he should be removed provided they would pay 100,000 dollars. This they agreed to do; upon which the bashaw sent word to the sultan, begging that he would on no account agree with them—for that he would give 300,000 to remain; which was consented to. In the mean time, however, the tribes having rebelled, defeated the troops sent against them; upon which the sultan not only stripped the poor bashaw of every thing he possessed, but imprisoned him, and ordered a certain number of strokes of the bastinado to be inflicted upon him night and morning.”

“The sway, nevertheless, (continues the author) of the last two or three sultans of Morocco has been mildness itself, in comparison with the horrible enormities and most atrocious acts of cruelty that characterised the reign of Muley Ishmael and his successors; when human beings were slaughtered in sport, and the monarch delighted in being his own executioner, carrying always a gun or a lance for that purpose. In these reigns, the miserable subjects were tortured in the most unheard-of manner; and sawing in two, putting out the eyes, crucifying, burying alive, or being burnt, were usual punishments for the most trifling, or no offence at all. In those golden days—and for aught I know it may still be practised—it was a frequent custom for an individual to buy another of the sultan, if he fancied he was rich, and that he could make any thing by this humane speculation. The way in which it was managed was thus:—The person wishing to make the purchase went before the bashaw or governor of the district, and bargained with him for such or such a person; and when at last they had agreed between themselves as to the price, each party trying to cheat the other in enhancing the probability of gain or loss by the transaction, the money was paid, and a receipt given, which entitled the buyer to the body of the individual bought, whoever he might be, and who was accordingly delivered into his hands. The latter part I cannot better explain than by inserting part of a letter on this horrible system, written by an English merchant who resided at Tetuan in the reign of Muley Ishmael, and which I find inserted in a curious account of a journey to Mequinez in 1721, written during Commodore Stewart’s embassy to that city. ‘Yesterday Mr. Noble and I were passing by the prison, where we saw a man hanged by the heels, with iron upon his legs, pincers upon his nose, his flesh cut with scissors, and two men perpetually drubbing him and demanding money. When

the fellow was not able to speak, they renewed their blows; and this was a bought man, that they gave 500 ducats for, and expected by these tortures to force out of him 500 ducats more. His tortures were so severe, that Noble, when he saw him, cried out, 'O Lord, the blessed fruits of arbitrary government!' Because you had not seen such a thing, I judged this description might not be unacceptable. Of Muley Ishmael it is related in the same account, that being on an expedition, and coming to a river which his army could not pass, he ordered all his prisoners to be killed, and interwoven with rushes, to form a bridge. It may easily be imagined, during these times, when Christian slavery was in full force, in what way the unfortunate wretches were treated who fell into his clutches, when so little regard was paid to the lives of his own subjects. No person appeared before him without trembling and uncertainty of going out of his presence alive. When he had killed a favourite through caprice or passion, he would sometimes forget what he had done, and make inquiry for the murdered person: and on being told he was dead, he would ask who killed him; to which his attendants would reply, trembling, that they did not know, but supposed it was God's doing. When he chanced, in his haste, to kill any one in mistake for another, as was frequently the case, he would civilly beg his pardon, saying he did not intend to have killed the poor man: and whenever he beat a person soundly, and put him in chains, he was considered in the high road to preferment, as he would generally call on him a few days afterwards, and finding him in prison, would affect to be surprised, and calling him 'his dear friend,' would inquire how he came in that unfortunate plight; and sending him a suit of his own clothes, would place him in some high and lucrative post, which having entered upon in a penniless state, it could be calculated with the greater certainty how much he would be worth at the expiration of a certain time, when he was sure of being again stripped of every thing by his royal patron. During his reign he raised his kingdom to an unprecedented pitch of military renown; and his name struck such terror that he reigned in peace and quietness. It is true that his son, Muley Mahomet, rebelled against his authority, but he was quickly subdued, and his hand and foot being cut off, he died from loss of blood; and Muley Zidan, another of his sons, being then appointed heir to the throne, was soon afterwards strangled by his wives on account of his cruelty. The aged tyrant, Muley Ishmael—for he was past ninety when he died—maintained 2,000 women besides the limited number of lawful wives that his religion allowed. It may well be imagined that his happiness did not increase in proportion to the number of his ribs, and that so large a family did not contribute to increase his domestic comfort: on the contrary, what with their intrigues, jealousies, quarrelling, and endless complaints of each other, they teased and enraged the old man so much, that he would sometimes order his black eunuchs to weed his establishment, as he would term it, and who would accordingly sometimes take off thirty in a day of the most troublesome, by a very expeditious and easy contrivance called geefing. This consisted in twisting a small cord round the neck of the offenders; and in this way going from one to another, the rest were kept by these means quiet for a time. It may be supposed that his issue from so many wives during so long a life was pretty numerous,

having 700 sons able to mount on horseback: of the number of his daughters history does not inform us, for the Moors never reckon women, but it doubtless equalled at the least that of the former. It is to Muley Ishmael that the darkness of complexion of many of the present race of Moors owes its origin; for this politic prince, well knowing how little his own subjects could be relied upon, brought from Guinea considerable numbers of its black population, which he formed into a regular permanent force, exclusively attached to his person, their descendants having ever since constituted the regular body-guard of the sultans of Morocco. The old tyrant's care of their breed is quaintly described, as follows, by the author of 'Stewart's Embassy':—'He is so fond of their breed, that he takes care to mix them himself, by ordering great numbers of people before him, whom he marries without any more ceremony than pointing to the man and woman, and saying, 'Hadi, yi houd hadi,' i. e. 'That, take that;' upon which the loving pair march off as firmly noosed as if they had been married by a pope. He always yokes his best-complexioned subjects to a black helpmate, and the fair lady must take up with a negro. Thus he takes care to lay the foundation of his tawny nurseries, into which they are admitted very young; and being nursed in blood from their infancy, become the executioners and ministers of his wrath, whose terrible commands they put in execution with as much zeal and fury as if they had received them immediately from Heaven; and when quite young are so ready to murder and destroy, that the alkaidas themselves, his officers, tremble at the very sight of them. Their manner is, as soon as the word comes out of his mouth, to seize on the wretch ordered for execution, like so many lions, and by the fury of their looks make a scene very much resembling the picture of so many devils tormenting the damned.' Muley Ishmael died, strange to say, a natural death, and was succeeded by his son, Muley Hamet, with the drunken atrocities of which monster I will not disgust the reader, but close here the account of the barbarian crew."

No wonder that we should afterwards be told—"Tetuan is by no means an agreeable place for a Christian to remain in: at Tangier, from the residence of the European consuls, the Moors have somewhat relaxed from their general insolent bigotry and brutish conduct, and are more polished in their behaviour. It is, however, different at Tetuan, from no Christian having resided there since the year 1770, when the European consuls who had previously lived there were obliged, by an order of the sultan Sidi Mahomed, to leave the town; in consequence, it is said—for there are different versions of the story—of a Moorish woman having been shot by one of them; which so enraged the sultan, that the whole body of Christians was expelled, and he made a vow at the same time that no Christian should ever after reside within its walls."

Since Sir Arthur Brooke left, however, "in consequence of the urgent remonstrance of the English government, a vice-consul was allowed to establish himself there, after great opposition on the part of the inhabitants; and Mr. Price now resides there quite alone, the only Christian who has been allowed to stay for more than half a century."

Of one class of the Jews in the Atlas chain the account is interesting, and we regret we cannot find room for it.

On his way from Tangier to Larache, Sir A.

Brooke describes a very ancient pillar, called L'Uted, which, with the stones surrounding it, bears a striking resemblance to our Celtic remains at Stonehenge, Abury, and elsewhere in Britain. He says:

"That the remains at L'Uted are of the highest antiquity, there can be no doubt; indeed, the very traditions themselves which are current upon the spot, and were eagerly related to me, are strongly in favour of it, singular as they may be in their nature. One of them is, that Pharaoh, king of Egypt, made use of the principal stone or pillar as a peg, and picketed his horse with it on alighting at L'Uted; and another, that at the period of the general deluge, 'when the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and after that the waters began to abate from the surface of the earth,' Noah sent forth a dove from the ark, which first alighted on the pillar of L'Uted."

"It was not (he continues) a little amusing to hear the observations of the Arabs, who crowded into the tent, respecting the object of my coming; which they had no doubt was to discover the treasure concealed within the mound, but which they said it was quite useless for a Christian to search after, since so many talibs and learned men of their own people had failed in their attempts to find it. My simple guest told me the stone grew, and that there certainly was a door near it, but which no one had yet been able to find: he added, what perhaps was not without foundation, that the mound was hollow, and that a stick which had been thrust in in one particular part had penetrated several feet without touching the bottom." The pillar is 16 feet high.

Before leaving Morocco, our countryman offers some remarks on the people, from which we select the following:—

"In person, the Moor is tall and straight, of a commanding figure, and possessing great muscularity of form, with dark eyes, white teeth, a beard like jet, and handsome features, full of a grave expression. His general cast of countenance is Roman; and his lofty dignity of manner is such, that when you see him enveloped in the folds of his snow-white hayk, which falls gracefully over his left shoulder, you might almost imagine a senator of ancient Rome stood before you. How different in other respects are the two characters!"

"If the character of the Moor be examined, it will be found to consist of a compound of every thing that is worthless and contemptible, and the few good qualities he possesses are quite lost in the dark shade thrown around them. Utterly destitute of faith, his vows and promises are made at the same time with such a resemblance of sincerity as rarely to fail of deceiving his victim: truth is an utter stranger to his lips, and falsehood so familiar with him, that dependence can rarely be placed on any thing that he says. Like the catholics, who are accused of upholding the doctrine that no faith should be observed towards heretics, the Moor glories in keeping none with Christians: these tenets are to be attributed to the influence which the bigoted character of his religion has upon him from his earliest years. In his disposition he is cruel, merciless, overbearing, and tyrannical; and benevolence and humanity are strangers to his breast. Proud, arrogant, and haughty, as his general demeanour is, particularly to his inferiors, he is fawning and cringing to those above him, and the veriest slave imaginable, when in contact with those whose power he has reason to be afraid of. Suspicious, perhaps as much from the general uncertainty

of life and property in Morocco, as from his own natural disposition, there is no tie of faith or friendship which is not capable of being dissolved when any thing is likely to be obtained; to accomplish which, he will descend to the lowest flattery, and the most servile acts of cunning wheedling. Liberality and generosity are unknown to him, or if he display these qualities, it is done from a certainty that he shall be well repaid for the exercise of them. It would have filled many of these pages had I related the numerous and almost incredible acts of meanness, even in the most paltry matters, which characterise all classes, but more particularly the higher, without even excepting the sultan himself.

"If the Moor possess few of the virtues of civilised nations, and despicable and worthless as his general character unquestionably is, still he is at least free from many vices which luxury and refinement entail as curses upon the former; and it must be confessed, that the horrible enormities and outrages, the singular pitch of refinement to which vice is carried, and the monstrous shapes it appears in, in our own country, the details of which are so studiously daily blazed abroad, to the destruction of morals, the increase of crime, and the utter subversion of female delicacy and purity, are as rare in Morocco as in other parts where civilisation has made equally slow advances. If the Moor be sensual in his enjoyments, at least propriety and decency are never outraged in the gross manner they are in Christian countries; and he is so scrupulous on this point, that it is considered a rule of decorum that he should never speak of his wives, or other females of his household establishment; and you might almost doubt the existence of the sex, from its being so little seen or heard of. This arises from a sense of delicacy, which one is surprised to meet with in this country. The sex are here on a very different footing from what they are among Christian nations: with the latter their possession of a soul is not a matter of doubt, and their mental and personal qualities excite equal respect and admiration; while the Mahometan woman is regarded simply as an object of sensual pleasure, a mere animal, created for his own enjoyment alone, the bare mention of whom he considers, and not without reason, would be a breach of delicacy."

We shall probably return to Spain, as we owe some arrears to the clever work on that country by the American, Lieut. Slidell; and it may suit us to blend some of his and of Sir A. Brooke's observations together.

The Pledge; or, Castilian Honour. A Tragic Drama, in Five Acts. By James Kenney, Esq., author of many Plays, &c. London, 1831. C. Chapple.

HAVING said what we thought of this translation of *Hernani* on its performance at Drury Lane, our only concern with its publication is to notice the extraordinary statement of the preface.

"The difficulties (says Mr. Kenney) I have had in producing this play on the stage, have been so much a subject of public animadversion, that here to pass them over in silence, would seem, improperly, to disown them:—I say improperly, for reasons which I shall afterwards explain; first briefly stating my case. After the warmest reception of the play, on due perusal by the gentleman officially appointed by the manager as the umpire of its merits, and a consequent promise to perform it immediately; after having been, in the month of October, read in the

green room, and the parts distributed, the representation was delayed during a period of six months, in the course of which time I was amused with promises repeatedly broken; discreetly avoided by the manager when I sought to remonstrate; and when, by dint of perseverance, I succeeded in doing so, my wrongs were constantly laid to the charge of others, whom I cannot publicly implicate on such doubtful testimony. At all events, the manager alone is responsible to me, to protect and see justice done to a production which he has deliberately accepted, which he might thereby prevent, and in fact did prevent, my taking to another theatre; whence an offer, as he knew, had come to me, to purchase my play outright, provided I had considered myself free to entertain it. The manager, who tells me he is, in such a case, guided and influenced by opinions at variance with his own, or with those he has thought proper to adopt as better than his own, especially when there is good reason to question the impartiality of those opinions, offers me a poor excuse for his injustice in such a declaration of his helplessness and misgovernment. I repeatedly, and most ingenuously, both by letter and otherwise, offered to withdraw my play, in case the first impression of the manager (from whatever cause) had undergone such a change as to induce this continued postponement, or to affect its getting up in a fair and handsome manner, without which his evil anticipations would be in imminent danger of fulfilling themselves. He replied, he had no wish to part with it, and that he would take care it should receive every justice. Yet this, it appears, he could say only from fear of making a mistake, which he might discover in its success at a rival theatre; for, of his liberality and attention to the preparation of the play, when it was got up, the following instances are curious and worth recording. Any reader who may happen to proceed to my fifth act, either through the four first, or by a shorter cut, will there find the description of a scene, some of the exuberant magnificence of which may certainly, without much injury to the action, be retrenched. But he will observe that it is a night scene—that night is its essential feature—that it indicates moonlight—that it is the dispersing of a masquerade—that the dialogue at almost every line alludes to its being night, to the rising moon, to a serenade, happy dreams, falling dews, &c.; what then will be his surprise—and, if he be a dramatist, his horror—to hear that only at four o'clock on the day previous to our first representation, I discovered, by accident, that the scene which was to stand for this, was a common-place villa, producing an effect of noon-day sunshine. Every body else having left the theatre, I remonstrated with the carpenter, who told me that it was to no purpose; that the scenes which had been originally prepared for me had been painted over and used up for other purposes, according to orders; that they had also been ordered to do nothing new for me; that they had made the best shift they could; and that their old stock could positively supply nothing nearer to my intentions. By means, however, of the exertions of Mr. Wallace and Mr. Wilmot the prompter, this extraordinary negligence was repaired, and a satisfactory scene substituted. In the fifth act will also be found allusions, numerous, emphatic, and important, to a black domino:—of that act, this black domino is the theme and argument. Black it must be, 'black as Erebus.' At three o'clock on the day of representation, Mr. Macready requested my presence in the wardrobe for my opinion as

to some parts of his dress. I attended him, and, the points in question being settled, my eye fell upon an isolated domino. It was blue; it does not, therefore, thought I, concern me. An after-thought, however, occurred, on recollection of the sun-shine scene. It was as well to inquire. I did so. It was for Mr. Macready in the fifth act. 'For Mr. Macready!' said I; 'there is some mistake in your orders: that is to be a black domino.' 'It is no mistake,' said Mr. Palmer, the keeper of the wardrobe; 'but there is no such thing in the stock.' 'What then?' I rejoined—'as it is absolutely indispensable—and, were it not so, as it is too late to alter my dialogue, could you not hire one?' 'We have strict orders,' added Mr. Palmer, 'to go to no expense for this play.' 'Then,' said I, 'I will spare your half-crown, and send in one from the first masquerade warehouse.' Mr. Palmer concluded by saying, that rather than I should be so troubled, he would take that responsibility upon himself: he did so, and at the hazard, it appears, of the manager's displeasure, the black domino was at length provided. The reader will judge of the derision which these two extraordinary anomalies, had I not accidentally discovered and prevented them, must have brought upon my fifth act—and make his own conclusion. The risk Mr. Palmer took upon himself in the case of the domino, is not the only favour I owe to that gentleman, he having supplied from his own private property the armour worn by my stanch friend Cooper, as the king, who in vain tried to obtain for his majesty, in the earlier scenes, even a decent dishabille. The term of my perplexities, however, had now arrived, and a critical trial of my patience it proved. Excited prejudice staring me in front, and impatient zeal for a worthy poet trampling hard upon me in the rear, with the laurel prepared for him, and the condemned night-cap for me, I was at length jostled into the presence of my judges, whose verdict soon added another to the many proofs I had received of their unflinching justice and generosity. This verdict was confirmed universally by the press; and even such journals as had been betrayed, I know not how, into sneers at my importunity and presumption in forcing it upon the theatre, made me, in their reports, more than amends for their error; of which this statement will, I trust, altogether convince them. I am also bound to thank all the actors for their loyal and brilliant exertions on the day of trial, which banished from my mind every feeling but that of charity for the past, and better hopes for the future. If the present statement seems a deviation from this state of feeling, it is that my wrongs have not terminated here: still I have not made it in anger—my feelings at this moment are wholly free from intemperance. These appeals are far from being to my taste, as my reader I think will admit, when I tell him that my opera of 'Masaniello' has been recently printed with an introduction, in which I have suppressed the extraordinary fact (although I now think proper also to publish it), of my never having received, after more than a hundred representations, one shilling of remuneration for it from the theatre: that on the failure of Mr. Price, the committee refused to admit my claim, or to make me the most moderate compensation on behalf of the theatre, though they had been many weeks in possession of the treasury; though during the whole of that season they continued to act the opera for the advantage, and indeed as a principal support of the theatre, and afterwards

handed it over to the present lessees, as the lawful property of the theatre; and all this they did, like Prince Prettyman, 'because they dare.'—It was law, 'crown's quest law,' theatrical law, or, as they thought, law of some sort. The equity of the case was another matter: that I was to seek in a court, whither the loss of three hundred pounds was not likely to drive a poor man out of his senses. It was their duty to take every advantage for the good of the theatre, forgetting that they had obtained for Mr. Price, in spite of this paramount duty, the restitution of eighteen hundred pounds of his rent. For what?—Surely not because Mr. Price's claim, under the circumstances, was a fairer one than mine. I repeat it, I state these facts at present as well as those which precede, not in anger, but deliberately I state them, in an honest spirit of self-defence, and in the common cause of my brother dramatists. I state them, because I have found in this theatre an obtuse, an intractable, and an unblushing insensibility to the claims of authors in every way, which is only aggravated by forbearance. I state them, because we have become so signally and so peculiarly the victims of the changed condition of the London theatres, that, at a time when the spirit of reform and justice is abroad, it may seem good to the enlightened and influential portion of the patrons of the drama, that some effort should be made in our behalf, either in the way of legislative protection, or relieving the regular drama from a monopoly so open to abuse. It is for these reasons, that I begin to feel that grievances of this nature, increasing as they are, should no longer be indolently lost sight of, or dissipated as mine have hitherto been, by a good night's sleep, or a walk in the Regent's Park."

What comment can be made on this statement? Can it be true, that a man of Mr. Kenney's talents has ever been reduced to the dreadful situation glanced at in its conclusion; while yet his "Masaniello" was enriching the theatre, and his "Castilian Honour" was a prosperous drama? Why, the matter is not simply a disgrace to any theatrical proprietors and managers, it is a disgrace to our age and country. But so it is in too vast a majority of cases. Literary labourers are but the aphides to the ants of business, who pinch, and stroke, and draw their life-blood from them, to sustain their wants, and enhance their well-stocked stores. The winter comes, and finds the former on their bare and withered leaf—the latter in their snug retreat, well provided, well protected, and reckless of what may be the sufferings of the world without. These are the so-miscalled Mecenas of literature—as the fishmonger who skins the eels is the Mecenas of fish—the butcher who cuts the lamb's throat and fells the bullock, the Mecenas of cattle! Nor, speaking in a commercial sense, do we see that this is to be complained of. The bookseller and publisher, like other persons in trade, has to look to his own interests; and the only thing that contrasts him unfavourably to the mind with any other tradesman, is, that he happens to have to do generally with cultivated men and finer feelings, and that the article he deals in is of so high a nature, that one is taught to expect some of either influence should be imparted to him. This is the fair view of the point. It is absurd to ask persons who embark in traffic for profit, to act the liberal patrons and generous Mecenas—it is still a greater folly, though sanctioned by a famous name, to apply such a title as the latter to ordinary men of

business, because their business lies in selling books.

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library, Vol. IV.—Annual Retrospect of Public Affairs for 1831, Vol. II. London, 1831. Longman and Co. WITH an appropriate and well-executed vignette of the flight of Constantine from Warsaw, by H. Corbould, engraved by E. Finden, this volume will be very generally recommended by the ability of its author. He has given a view of the Belgic revolution, of our own domestic politics and the great changes that have taken place, and of the movements in Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, and Poland, which is not only marked by impartiality and clearness, but distinguished for intelligence and comprehensiveness. Such a production, however, does not require from us any minute analysis; indeed, such a process would but ill illustrate its character; and we think we shall perform our critical duty more satisfactorily towards both the writer and the public, by quoting a few of the passages which can be readily detached, as specimens of the talent displayed in the whole volume. The following quotation from Count Hogendorp is worthy of selection, for the intrinsic value of its information on the question at issue between Holland and Belgium:—

"The Belgians, (says the Count) who pretend to all kinds of liberty, condemned trade to slavery. They never ceased to spur on the government to introduce a prohibitory system, by which they have brought about the ruin of Holland. The Dutch see every day their prosperity decline; and can calculate the day when, under the present system, their ruin will be complete. Holland has risen to the highest prosperity, without assistance from nature and in spite of nature, by her institutions in favour of free trade. Belgium, enriched with all the favours of nature, thinks that she can only thrive by restrictions." Thus, remarks our English author, "the united government, in order to protect the agriculture, the mines, and the manufactures of Belgium, was obliged to adopt a policy ruinous and revolting to the provinces of the north. But this was not all that the trading Dutchman had to endure from a connexion with Belgium. He found new competitors in his commerce, shipping, and colonies, as well as impolitic restrictions on his business, and galling limitations of his markets. He met his Belgic rival, set up with his capital, every where, at home and abroad, in places where he formerly enjoyed an exclusive traffic. He saw Antwerp, with a prosperity which was almost a creation of the union, rising on the decline of Amsterdam, and foreign merchants leaving Holland to settle on the banks of the Scheldt. If the material interests of Holland were thus, in the opinion of the trading portion of the community, sacrificed to a calamitous union with Belgium, the feelings, pride, and patriotism of the Dutch were no less wounded by the irritating and insulting treatment of their national character, language, and institutions, by their southern rivals. Always restless, turbulent, and dissatisfied, vain of his country, bigoted in his religion, and violent in his opinions, the Belgian was a most hateful political associate of the phlegmatic, sober, and loyal Dutchman."

An episode, in which the "Holy Alliance" is canvassed, strikes us as being both historically just and politically profound.

"This celebrated league was the natural result of the position in which the allied sovereigns were placed, and the peculiar feelings

with which they were animated, at the termination of the war of 1814 and 1815. They had all seen the most striking vicissitudes of fortune; they had all been conquered in their turn; they had all experienced the insolence of the victor; they had all seen their states more or less dismembered; they had all trembled on tottering thrones, and lowered their crowned heads under the *furca caudine* of military despotism. The tide of conquest had now changed, and floated them on its waves to the capital of their conqueror. A universal shout of deliverance and hope was raised from one end of Europe to the other. The great disturber, who was conceived to be the embodied spirit of Jacobinism,—the explosive matter of revolution,—had been banished to a rock in the midst of the sea; his magic wand was broken, and his assistants dispersed. The people every where expressed confidence in their restored rulers, and anticipated an era of prosperity and freedom. Without much previous piety, the sovereigns who rode out this storm, and profited by the infatuation of their great enemy, might easily ascribe their success to a supernatural interference in their favour. In seeing their hopes more than fulfilled, and their desires more than gratified, it was natural for them to wish to perpetuate so agreeable a state of things, in which the feelings of their people appeared to sympathise with their own; and to give it permanence by some solemn act, which should at once testify their gratitude for past blessings, and their resolution, by the observance of Christian philanthropy, to deserve future support,—in short, some system of social religion, from which projects of conquest or ambition should be proscribed—some pious engagement, in which the maintenance of peace, and the administration of international justice, should be stipulated for, as necessary to the family of nations as well as to individual states—some deed, in fine, in which sovereigns should declare themselves responsible agents, and nations moral existences. Out of these vague dreams of satisfied ambition, and mystic notions of political obligation, sprung the holy alliance; their majesties of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, exclaiming like the disciples in sacred history, 'It is good for us to be here, in this scene of Christian triumph; let us make ourselves permanent tabernacles on the foundation of legitimacy and moral order.' The superstitious character of the Emperor Alexander, who thought that he was converted by the burning of Moscow and the preaching of a German mystic, gave its form to the proceeding; which, probably, had nothing in its first conception either hypocritical, ambitious, or selfish. The people had not, at its publication, shewn signs of discontent, or begun to doubt the fulfilment of those promises which had been made them in the hour of need. The league, therefore, might not originally contemplate the institution of a European police, or the necessity of the great powers watching the internal condition of every state. Had Buonaparte not returned from Elba, it might have been soon forgotten amid the quarrels which the division of the spoils of Poland and other countries was about to engender among the pious plunderers; but this event gave a new warning of the dangers of disunion and a new incitement to the extension of the conservative alliance. Hence have sprung the various congresses of Aix-la-Chapelle, Laybach, Troppau, and Verona, in which the original members of the alliance met in person with their ministers, to settle the destiny of the world on their own prin-

ciples of legitimacy and order. These principles were, first, that no state should be allowed to change its institutions, or to remodel its form of government, unless the impulse of reform was given by the ruling power itself; or, in the language of the declaration of Troppan, 'proceeded from those whom God had entrusted with authority;' and, secondly, that the holy alliance, either by a joint expedition or by a separate armament, was called upon to interfere to put down changes springing from any other source, the result of military revolt or popular insurrection. On these principles Austria was employed as the instrument for overthrowing the constitution of Naples and suppressing the revolution of Piedmont, in 1821; and France received a commission for invading Spain and abolishing the government of the Cortes, in 1823. On the same principles, had the danger of a general conflagration been less menacing from attempted interference, the government, which was established behind the barricades of Paris last autumn, would have been outlawed, and the authority of Nassau would have been restored in Belgium. Already the immense military force of Russia had begun to move westward; and tribes of Cossacs, Calmucs, and Tartars, were preparing for an expedition to the Rhine, when the Polish insurrection was thrown across their line of march. On these principles, the ordinances of Charles X. would have been substituted for the new charter of France, and Louis Philip must have ceded his place to Henry V. As the object of this happily extinct alliance was to overpower insurrectionary movements by arms, without any reference to the danger of vicinage or the vindication of their own rights, so all the means of police and prevention were thought allowable in the previous stages of the threatened disorder. Thus we have seen political reports made to the Emperor Alexander on the state of Germany, and Russian agents paid to watch over the universities and secret societies of the south of Europe. Thus we know that the periodical press of Geneva has been controlled by orders from St. Petersburg; and that a professor of law at Lausanne was sent away from that town, because he was too democratic for an absolute monarch in explaining the principles of the republic in which he resided. If this system had not been opposed by the spirit of the age, or annihilated by a great convulsion, the picture which Gibbon so powerfully draws of the stagnation of political improvement, and the impossibility of escape for political innovators or offenders, which rendered the universal authority of the Roman empire a frightful calamity, would have been realised in Europe by the coalition of despots, which for the last fifteen years have threatened it with their interference. The grand design of Henry IV. of France, which was only a grand romance in politics, may have served in some measure as a model to this alliance."

We now proceed to extract some observations nearer home, and which equally bear the stamp of the writer's mind.

"The meeting of parliament in England is always an object of some interest; but the meeting of a new parliament, in a new reign, in a new and extraordinary state of Europe, with new projects to be proposed, and new characters to exhibit, could not fail to excite extraordinary interest and curiosity. Public opinion, it is true, in this country, is not guided by the legislature (to which it is as often opposed as consenting); but the assemblage, from

all parts of the nation, of a body of men who make the course of political events their study, who come to the house invested with that local consequence which their wealth or rank gives them in their own districts, who are conceived to be good advisers in public affairs, because they have a great stake in the public prosperity, and who, whatever be their wisdom or inexperience, possess at least the faculty of embodying their joint opinions in authoritative acts, is generally sufficient to give a decided direction to the minds of the upper and ruling classes of society. Whatever meets with the general concurrence of such an assembly, or receives the sanction of its majority, is considered as adjudicated by a tribunal, against which there is no effectual appeal. Their speeches save the indolent the trouble of examination, the diffident the perplexity of doubt, and the selfish the dangerous error of taking the wrong side; while their opinions hold up to all a flag or banner round which political parties may rally, or against which the weakest, by withdrawing their forces from a desultory warfare, may direct their combined attack. The opinions or sentiments of an individual, which would scarcely be listened to with patience in private company, which would attract no attention in a club or tavern, become of consequence when supported or echoed by a multitude, whose votes can give them validity. In the very concentration of opinion, independently of its justice, there is a power which almost changes its nature into conviction; as the rays of a wintry sun, which when scattered are scarcely felt, may be made, by passing through a burning-glass, to consume a diamond. It does not matter so much what figure goes before; if there is any figure at all, the number of ciphers afterwards tell.

"The state of political parties at the opening of the new parliament, it is difficult to describe or to classify. The settlement of the Catholic question by the ministry, with the assistance of the Whigs, and against the views and remonstrances of a great portion of the Tories, who had usually supported them, had broken to pieces the former cast of parties, and no definite arrangement of the scattered fragments had yet been formed. The latter could not be immediately brought back to the government and rallied round it, as on any slight or temporary estrangement. The pride of some had been too deeply wounded by the desertion of their leaders—by the betrayal of their confidence—and the preservation of the secret of the intended change, till the minister brought the enemy into the camp. The habitual associations of others had been too rudely torn asunder by striking the flag of intolerance, which had so long waved over their heads in parliamentary majorities and party festivities. And, perhaps, the better feelings and more solemn convictions of a large body of them had been alarmed at dangerous concessions—which they ascribed to fear; or at an apparent surrender of principles—which they attributed to interested apostasy. It was therefore known that this party would still maintain that hostility to the ministers which had been produced by their former differences. Some of them had approached nearer the popular cause, and others had actually declared themselves reformers, in consequence of their treatment by the administration, and the adoption of measures by parliament which they deemed so pernicious. In finding an additional argument for reform in the conduct of the house of commons on this occasion, they agreed with a great body of the public; for it cannot be denied, that if the

measure had been less unequivocally good, or had been less illustrated by repeated discussion, the bold stratagems and profound secrecy, so inconsistent with the open course of a representative government, which had been employed, and the rapid change of a minority into a majority at the dictation of a minister, would have rendered it one of the most dangerous and discreditable projects ever carried through the legislature, and consequently have furnished the strongest arguments for a change in the representation. On the other hand, the party who had supported the government in passing the Catholic bill had subsequently been treated with too much coldness and suspicion by the ministers to remain their firm allies. The Whigs had allowed them to go on by sufferance; they had expected a call to aid them, but had been disappointed; they hoped during the life-time of the late king for some attempt at amalgamation, but without much confidence that it would succeed, owing to the prejudices which his majesty was known to entertain against their leaders. The new reign, under which these prejudices did not exist, presented another opportunity of effecting a coalition of parties; but still no desire of sharing office with their rivals was manifested by the noble duke at the head of the administration and his colleagues. Seeing, then, that his grace meant to remain in power, and to rule alone under the new sovereign as under the last, without any change of system or any mixture of party, they began to declare loudly their dissatisfaction. Indications of more active hostility were displayed in the pamphlets and other publications of the Whigs, from the hustings during the elections, at public meetings, at festive celebrations, and on all occasions where politics or party discussions could be introduced.

"The debate (on the king's speech) which ensued in both houses was extremely interesting and animated, displaying on the part of the opposition an earnest application of important principles at a most momentous crisis,—an uncompromising hostility to the administration of the Duke of Wellington,—and no very equivocal hopes of being able to overturn it. Mr. Brougham in particular, whose recent return for Yorkshire was both the triumph of his overwhelming popularity, and a great accession to his parliamentary consideration, assaulted the policy of the speech, and the composition of the cabinet, with the tiger-spring of his excited energy. He had thrown down the gauntlet to the ministers on the hustings at York; he had preached a Whig crusade against them at public meetings and political dinners during the recess; he had displayed his desperate hostility in vigorous manifestos through that portion of the press which he could command; and he now appeared in the House of Commons to lead on the war, with the great seal in his view, and followed by a trusty band of reformers, resolved to storm official power, or to conquer constitutional changes.

"The formation of the ministry, expeditious as it was, was said to have been embarrassed and delayed by the conduct of the chief opposition leader in the House of Commons, who had overturned the previous cabinet. Desirous of place, but equally desirous of the reputation of despising it; devoured with the flames of ambition, but covering his ambition with the veil of self-denial; resolved to have the highest prize in his profession or none, and yet allowing it to be supposed that he would decline it if offered; formidable to his friends by his reputed indiscretion, and more formidable to his

enemies by the activity of his talents; almost equally dangerous to be obliged or to be neglected; indulging in the wanton caprice of a power which he knew was now necessary to any ministerial arrangement, and yet shrinking from a declaration of his own claims to preferment, he rendered doubtful for some days the success of Lord Grey's ministerial negotiations. His friends admitted his importance to the extent of doing nothing without his concurrence, because his opposition might be dangerous to the stability of their structure; but they could not at first consent to place him on its highest pinnacle, because he would present too broad a mark for their enemies to fire at. In pretending to weigh the representation of Yorkshire against the great seal, he only resolved to retain the former because he was not pressed to take the latter; and employed the menace of a reform in the House of Commons, to stimulate the premier to call him out of it. His irresistible energy in exposing the last ministry, in parliament, at public meetings, and through the press, had, combined with events, been one of the chief causes of their overthrow; and it was concluded that no other ministry could withstand his opposition. The alleged defects of his character, as regarded judgment, steadiness, or profound knowledge of his profession, were properly appreciated by every body: but the energy and capacity of his mind were traced in such a wide range of action;—he had done so much in diffusing education, encouraging science, pressing legal reform, and defending the rights and liberties of his fellow-citizens;—his name was so often seen in connexion with literature, politics, forensic and parliamentary eloquence;—he was so universally feared or admired for the withering power of his sarcasm, and the overwhelming force of his declamation;—and by all these means he had acquired so great a popularity, that no set of ministers, coming in on popular principles, could dispense with his aid, or encounter his hostility. As soon as he was offered and had accepted the seals, the cabinet was formed. In three hours after Lord Grey and his colleagues had had their nominations formally sanctioned by his majesty, his lordship made a speech in the House of Peers, in which he declared that the principles of his government should be economy and retrenchment at home; non-intervention with the internal affairs of other states; and a reform in the Commons' House of Parliament. The announcement of principles so opposite to those hitherto acted upon, produced the happiest effect on the temper of the nation. Satisfaction and confidence every where succeeded to suspicion, discontent, and alarm. All parties seem disposed to give the new cabinet credit for their good intentions, and waited with impatience—but without distrust—for the development of their plans. They easily obtained the necessary time to mature them; and after a short session, in which little business of importance was transacted except the passing of the regency bill, on account of the necessary absence of some of the ministers, for the interval between the time of their accession to office and their re-election, parliament adjourned from the 23d of December to the 3d of January."

We could easily multiply examples; but these will surely be sufficient to shew that the subjects are fairly and ably treated, and the work well deserving of popularity.

Standard Novels; No. III. The Spy. By J. F. Cooper, author of "The Pilot." London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THIS tale, certainly one of the very best of

Cooper's works, has a new preface by its author, in which he states that none of the various suppositions which have referred the character of Harvey Birch to different individuals, are correct. We give his own account.

"Mr. — had occasion to employ an agent whose services differed but little from those of a common spy. This man, as will easily be understood, belonged to a condition in life which rendered him the least reluctant to appear in so equivocal a character. He was poor, ignorant, so far as the usual instruction was concerned, but cool, shrewd, and fearless by nature. It was his office to learn in what part of the country the agents of the crown were making their secret efforts to embody men—to repair to the place, enlist, appear zealous in the cause he affected to serve, and otherwise to get possession of as many of the secrets of the enemy as possible. These he of course communicated to his employers, who took all the means in their power to counteract the plans of the English, and frequently with great success. It will readily be conceived that a service like this was attended with great personal hazard. In addition to the danger of discovery, there was the daily risk of falling into the hands of the Americans themselves, who invariably visited sins of this nature more severely on the natives of the country than on the Europeans who fell into their hands. In fact, the agent of Mr. — was several times arrested by the local authorities, and in one instance he was actually condemned by his exasperated countrymen to the gallows. Speedy and private orders to his gaoler alone saved him from an ignominious death. He was permitted to escape; and this seeming, and indeed actual, peril was of great aid in supporting his assumed character among the English. By the Americans, in his little sphere, he was denounced as a bold and inveterate Tory. In this manner he continued to serve his country in secret during the early years of the struggle, hourly environed by danger, and the constant subject of unmerited opprobrium. In the year — Mr. — was named to a high and honourable employment at a European court. Before vacating his seat in congress, he reported to that body an outline of the circumstances related, suppressing the name of his agent, from policy, and demanding an appropriation in behalf of a man who had been of so much use at so great personal risk. A suitable sum was voted, and its delivery was confided to the chairman of the secret committee. Mr. — took the necessary means to summon his agent to a personal interview. They met in a wood at midnight. Here Mr. — complimented his companion on his fidelity and adroitness, explained the necessity of their communications being closed, and finally tendered the money. The other drew back, and declined receiving it. 'The country has need of all its means,' he said; 'and as for myself, I can work, or gain a livelihood in various ways.' Persuasion was useless, for patriotism was uppermost in the heart of this remarkable individual; and Mr. — departed, bearing with him the gold he had brought, and a deep respect for the man who had so long hazarded his life, unrequited, for the cause they served in common. The writer is under an impression that, at a later day, the agent of Mr. — consented to receive a remuneration for what he had done; but it was not until his country was entirely in a condition to bestow it." Mr. Cooper is himself ignorant of the Spy's real name.

The frontispiece, and, better still, the very

original and clever vignette, do credit to the rising, we should say from the academic prizes he has carried off, the eminent, talents of Mr. M'Clise. The printing is careless.

Family Library. Dramatic Series, IV. Eschylus. Murray.

MUCH information relative to Athenian theatricals is contained in the introductory pages of this volume. The rise and progress of the Greek drama, the nature of the performances and theatre, are judiciously gathered, principally from the "Theatre of the Greeks," and thrown into the popular form which so interesting a subject alone required to secure its general perusal. The lofty old tragedian is made to put his best buskin forward, in so much of Potter's version as is calculated to convey a correct notion of his style, and carry along the fable of the play uninterrupted. The powerful designs of Flaxman adorn the work, and give a strong idea of the stately bearing of the characters, and bring the dramatic groups vividly before the eye. The English reader may here gain a fair notion of the Greek drama, at the trifling trouble of reading a duodecimo, and be delighted at the same time with these exquisitely imagined designs.

The London Catalogue of Books, with their Sizes, Prices, and Publishers; containing the Books published in London, and those altered in Size or Price, from 1810 to Feb. 1831. 8vo. pp. 336. R. Bent.

A REPERTORY most diligently and accurately compiled; and consequently of great value to the traders in and buyers of books. It is not only a guide for the present day, but the foundation for a standard in times to come. It is also a literary curiosity, as preserving the names of a thousand publications, of which the moiety may already be classed among scarce works, and for which any future search will be utterly fruitless. Here they live in catalogue life,—in 1831 only let some collector of trash look for them!!

A BIT OF A CLEARANCE.

To write separate notices of every little work sent to us is impossible; and publications of teachers, &c. &c. are especially so numerous, that they are rather the advertisements of rival schools than literary candidates for review. But as we wish our pages to form as complete a record as may be of every class of literature, we shall run over (to be continued occasionally) a parcel of the slighter volumes which lie upon our table, and do not seem to demand more than a just character.

Archbishop Secker's Lectures on the Catechism; arranged in Questions and Answers, for the Use of Schools and Families. 2d edition. 12mo. pp. 246. Longman and Co.

THIS publication enhances the value of Secker's Lectures—always prized by those engaged in the education of youth. The long sentences of the original are judiciously subdivided; and the questions prefixed to the divisions are judicious, and well calculated to impress the mind. Previous to confirmation, no book can be more useful to the catechumen about to appear before the bishop.

The Welsh Interpreter, &c. By Thomas Roberts, Llwynrhudol. Pp. 147. London, S. Leigh.

FOR a work from Llwynrh—et cetera, this is a very intelligible and pronounceable Interpreter. In truth, it is a nice little vocabulary of

the Welsh tongue; and for all tourists who may (and who would not?) prefer a trip through Wales, in the first instance, at any rate, to a continental excursion, it will be found an excellent instructor. With it in hand, even a Cockney might be able to direct a driver, say the civil thing to a milk or chambermaid; and (we are not sure) hold colloquy with the goats, who represent Pan and the satyrs in this picturesque and classic portion of Britain. To a person thus instructed, *Dim Saesneg* (I don't understand English), will be no bar; he may call for *Cig moch ac wyall* (eggs and bacon), and have 'em; in short, he may travel in beautiful and interesting Wales, and make himself understood where his English would be Hebrew to the Celtic race around him. A middle column, with the pronunciation, must be very useful; though, for our lives, we would as soon try the original aggregates of consonants as their vowed translations.

Leigh's Guide to Wales and Monmouthshire. 12mo. pp. 356. London, S. Leigh.

LIKE all Mr. Leigh's publications, neat and excellent of its kind. We know no pleasure we could more envy than a tour through Wales: and to any one who is disposed to enjoy that delightful treat, we recommend this volume.

Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine, &c. By D. M. Moir, Surgeon. 12mo. pp. 278. Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

QUERE, whether the title should not be "the History of Ancient Medicine?" for such this is, from the fictions of mythology to the close of the Arabian school, about the middle of the 13th century. It is a fair digest of the subject: a work fifty times more useful, and another fifty times more entertaining, might be written on the same topic—the latter, however, descending far lower in the tide of time. Who cares, now o' days, for the fooleries of old (we beg pardon, of ancient) doctors? We have new in our own day to amuse us. Yet it is a lesson to trace in these venerable gentry, not merely the germs, but the actual practice, of the most renowned modern discoveries and improvements! For this alone we would warmly recommend Mr. Moir's book.

French Poetry for Children. By L. T. Ventouillac. 18mo. pp. 96. London, S. Law. A VERY pretty selection of French poetry for children; by a gentleman whose higher works on education and French literature have deserved and obtained our praise.

The Story of Geneva, from Ariosto. London. Pp. 65.

THE episode well enough rendered in indifferent Spenserian.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

AT the last evening assembly, Mr. Lindley, the professor of botany in the London University, delivered some observations on the "Pitcher plant," which he illustrated by several splendid drawings of the plant itself. After noticing the opinions of Linnaeus and Sir James Edward Smith, both of which distinguished men appeared to be unacquainted with the properties and real uses of this curious botanical production, Mr. Lindley confessed that the researches of later botanists left these important points as much undiscovered as ever. The supposition that the pitcher plant was

intended as a receptacle for water in times of great drought,—an opinion, by the by, entertained by botanists of great experience.—Mr. Lindley seemed to think could not be well founded, inasmuch as the plant chiefly luxuriated in the marshes of the Indian archipelago, of China, and parts of the East Indies. The liquid contained in the pitcher plant, when opened, was acid, and became more and more so as the process of evaporation proceeded: the basis was composed of minute crystals of the oxide of soda.—On the library-table were specimens of the tools employed by Mr. Marsh in perforating glass: their practical use was also illustrated. They consist of pieces of three-edged hand saw files: these, being of cast steel for the most part, retain an exceedingly fine point when ground. All that is required in the perforation, is to impinge the pointed steel repeatedly against the glass, over the spot intended to be perforated, using the utmost caution in the process. In the first instance the perforation never exceeds the diameter of a pin's head, but may gradually be increased at pleasure, upon every description of glass.

The Institution has elected Mr. Ritchie professor of experimental and natural philosophy: since the death of Dr. Thomas Young, no gentleman has been appointed to this situation, if we except Professor Millington to mechanics. That in Mr. Ritchie will be found an able and persevering successor to Dr. Young, the council of the Institution, we believe, are fully convinced. Mr. Brande has been re-appointed to chemistry.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

R. I. MURCHISON, Esq. president, in the chair.—The reading of a paper, entitled "Notes on the secondary formations of Germany as compared with those of England," by the president, was commenced. Donations were received.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY:—ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

LORD STANLEY in the chair.—The details of the management and progress of this popular Institution during the past season have been noticed so fully in our monthly reports, that a brief *précis* of the annual report of the council, which was read at this meeting, is all that is necessary on the present occasion. The most important and gratifying event connected with the general interests of the Society during the past year, was the intimation, on the part of his Majesty, of his pleasure to become the patron of the Society. The report noticed the resignation of the Marquess of Lansdowne, who had been president of the Society for the last five years, and the resolution of the council to propose him at the next general meeting as an honorary member. It also spoke of the advantages likely to accrue to the Society and to science in general, from the appointment of a committee of science and correspondence. Passing over a few details respecting the settlement of the by-laws, it noticed the appointment of Mr. Decimus Burton as architect of the establishment, at a fixed salary of 150*l.* a-year. The donations to the menagerie since the last anniversary were stated as too numerous to be detailed in the report: particular mention, however, was made of his Majesty's splendid present; likewise of three black alpacas by her Majesty; of a beautiful Persian lynx, by H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex; and some others. The donations to the museum were also numerous, and of much importance.

The utility of the Society's farm, as a relief to the animals which had suffered from the unhealthiness of the gardens, had been evinced by the restoration to health of several which were removed to Kingston in a sickly state. At this establishment a large collection of species and varieties of gallinaceous birds was formed; the breeding of these had commenced, and might be expected to afford information on points of utility, of curiosity, and of science: and results confidently expected as for the comparative quality of various birds for the table. Experiments were also in course to ascertain what kinds are best suited to the office of nurses in rearing more tender birds; while the inuring of foreign species to our poultry-yards was also on trial. Finally, it appeared that, though the Society's receipts in 1827 amounted to only 4,079*l.*, in 1830 they were 15,806*l.*, and that the balance in favour of the Society upon the actual receipts and payments in the past year was 767*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.* The number of visitors to the gardens last year was 224,745; to the museum 14,323. The total increase of fellows, including ladies, (hail-fellows well met?) within the last year, was 232: the present number is 1,814. After a few unimportant remarks, the report was unanimously adopted. Lord Stanley was elected president, and a council for the ensuing season was appointed. We ought to have stated that the meeting was held in the theatre of the Royal Institution.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

HIS R. H. the Duke of Sussex in the chair.—A paper was read, entitled on "Nodal lines of sonorous bodies," by Michael Faraday, Esq. Captain Manby was elected a fellow. M. Leopold von Buch presented his work, illustrative of remarkable petrifications. Sir James South has invited such of the fellows of the Society as are interested in the subject to view the dome of his Observatory for his splendid equatorial, any day between twelve and five. Some amendments and alterations in the Society's rules are contemplated to be made: the last meeting of the council, which was summoned on this subject, was very fully attended, and sat four hours, during the whole of which period H. R. H. presided. Two important motions stand for discussion; the one, that the number of black balls to exclude on the ballot of candidates for election be diminished; the other, that it is the opinion of the committee that it will be expedient to obtain a new charter, which shall limit the Society to a definite number of fellows.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

HUDSON GURNEY, Esq. in the chair. A. Fountain, Esq. exhibited a female bust, in brass, from the collection of his ancestor, Sir Andrew Fountain: it was unaccompanied by any description, but appeared to be of the time of Edward VI. or Mary, and was well executed. Mr. Ellis, by permission of the Bishop of Llandaff, laid before the Society three letters, addressed to Sir Wm. Morice, accompanied by some observations illustrative of the history and politics of the commonwealth and the reign of Charles II. Cromwell, it appears, on some occasion, addressed the house, begging not to be understood as dictating the measures he wished to bring forward, but rather as advising, as their humble servant, and strenuous well-wisher to the state; but subsequently, in the council, he assumed a very different tone,

and dictated a resolution, in pursuance of which, officers were the next day placed at the doors of the house, and all members who would not sign a declaration consonant with his views were not permitted to enter; and one of the letters produced contained some curious arguments (a little jesuitical) to prove that, under the circumstances, there could be no sin in signing the declaration required, and afterwards, in the house, opposing the proposed measure. Another of the letters from the Duke of Courland was principally curious from his offering Sir Wm. Morice a bribe of 6000 florins for his good offices with King Charles II.

The chairman announced a resolution of the council, that the names of all members more than two years in arrear of their annual subscription would be suspended in the meeting-room, at the resumed meetings in November, after the recess.

KING'S COLLEGE.

THE second annual general court of the governors, &c., was held on the 29th ult.; the Archbishop of Canterbury in the chair. A report was read, which stated that his majesty had graciously declared himself the patron of the institution. Such progress had been made in the buildings of the College, during the last year, as to satisfy every expectation of the council; and, unless some unforeseen impediment should occur, the college would be opened, in both departments, in the month of October next. The want of funds had prevented the completion of the front towards the river, which must be done by the summer of 1834, for the accomplishment of which a renewed effort was required by the friends of the institution. The office of principal, upon whom, in a great measure, would devolve the religious instruction of the students, had not been filled up; but the following appointments, most, if not all of them already mentioned in the *Literary Gazette*, had been made.

In the School.—Head Master, Rev. J. R. Major, A.M.; Second Master, Rev. Joseph Edwards, B.A.; Classical Literature, J. Austin, Esq.; Mathematics, Rev. T. G. Hall, M.A.; Natural and Experimental Philosophy, Rev. H. Moseley, A.M.; Natural History, James Hennie, Esq. A.M.; Political Economy, W. N. Senior, Esq.; Jurisprudence, John J. Park, Esq.; Principles and Practice of Commerce, Joseph Lowe, Esq.; Geology, Charles Lyell, Esq.; Botany, G. J. Bennett, Esq.; Chemistry, J. F. Daniell, Esq. F.R.S.; Surgery, J. H. Greene, Esq. F.R.S.; Anatomy, Herbert Mayo, Esq. F.R.S.; Theory of Physic, B. Hawkins, Esq. M.D.; Practice of Physic, F. Hawkins, Esq. M.D.; Midwifery, R. Ferguson, Esq. M.D.

The following scale of payments for students has been fixed: in the college—students admitted for general education, to comprise religion and morals, classical literature, mathematics, logic, history, and English literature, when nominated by proprietors, 21*l.* per annum; when not so nominated, 26*l.* 5*s.* per annum. The fees for lectures not comprised in this course, not yet determined. In the school—the course of education will include religion, morals, Greek, Latin, and French, arithmetic and elementary mathematics, history, geography, English composition, &c.; and the terms, for a pupil nominated by a proprietor, 15*l.* 15*s.* per annum; for a pupil not so nominated, 18*l.* 18*s.*

In providing collections, apparatus, and books, for the use of the lecture-rooms, the council were proceeding with every regard to economy consistent with what was necessary to illustrate the lectures; and the total sum contributed by donation had amounted to 54,965*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*, of which 52,647*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.* had been received. The whole number of shares of 100*l.* taken had been 753; and the whole instalments paid on

559 shares. Fifty-one shareholders had expressed their intention of not paying any further instalments; and the representatives of five deceased had also refused. The council regretted that so many persons should have declined fulfilling those engagements, on the strength of which they had entered into contracts to a large amount for the erection of the college; but still hoped they would reconsider the determination. The general court unanimously adopted the report.

THE LITERARY FUND.

THE Literary Fund had, as we hoped, a brilliant anniversary on Wednesday; the Lord Chancellor in the chair, and around him, as well as in various parts of the hall, a number of distinguished individuals, among whom were the Duke of Somerset (the president of the Fund), the Earl of Portmore, the Earl of Selkirk, Lord Mahon, the Right Hon. R. Grant, H. Bulwer the member for Coventry, the Attorney General, Sir M. A. Shee, Sir W. Beechey, Sir J. Wyatville, Sir John Swinburne, Sir John Malcolm, Sir W. Clayton, Chandos Leigh, Esq., Henry Ellis, Esq. Of poets, Sotheby, J. Montgomery, Milman, Croly, Allan Cunningham, &c.; other popular writers and artists; and most of the principal publishers and booksellers of the metropolis.

On the removal of the cloth, "the King" was drank with enthusiastic applause, and, in this meeting at least, with disinterested and unmercenary loyalty; for, we regret to say, his Majesty has been obliged to abridge the royal allowance made during the quarter of a century by his munificent predecessor.

After the other usual loyal toasts, the Lord Chancellor, in proposing "prosperity to the Literary Fund," addressed the company in an admirable speech, in which he delineated the independence of the true literary character, so essential to its existence, and yet so often injurious to its worldly interests. He spoke of publishers and booksellers, with all courtesy and esteem, not as the patrons of literature (which they had been called by Dr. Johnson), but as the ministers of its only patron, the public; and professing himself to be a zealous, though humble follower of literary pursuits, warmly recommended this benevolent Fund to the support it so pre-eminently deserved. This address was frequently interrupted, and its close hailed, by tumultuous plaudits.

Mr. Croly, one of the registrars, as the organ of the Society on this occasion, also advocated the cause of the charity in an eloquent appeal.

Other toasts, suited to the festival, were most effectively introduced by the chairman, and called up the Duke of Somerset, Mr. Sotheby, Sir M. Shee, Mr. Grant, the Attorney General, Lord Selkirk, Lord Mahon, Mr. Milman, Sir John Malcolm, Dr. A. T. Thomson, and others, whose several appropriate addresses were loudly applauded.

The health of Sir B. Hobbhouse (one of the best friends of the Institution, and long chairman of the committee) was not forgotten; but there was no one present to acknowledge the tribute.

About eleven o'clock the Lord Chancellor retired, and Lord Portmore took the chair, to prolong the enjoyments of the evening for another pleasant hour. The subscription* was

* It ought to be observed, that the same delicacy which marks the proceedings of this Society in administering relief to the distressed, is copied at their public anniversary. There are no solicitations for subscriptions—the whole is left to the feelings of the meeting; and several weeks sometimes elapse before the full amount can be ascertained, as the secretary is daily receiving donations

good—the musical department, under Hawes and Broadhurst, delightfully managed—the dinner and wines a credit to Mr. Cuff. We have never seen a public entertainment more entirely gratifying and satisfactory in every respect.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SIR GEORGE STAUNTON, Bart. in the chair. —There were presented to the Society a collection of valuable Siamese and other MSS., procured by Mr. Fullarton, governor of Penang; a drawing and description of the tomb of Alyattes, the father of Croesus, near Sardis, by Dr. Hall; an engraving of the delivery of the ratified treaty of 1790 to Madhu Rao Peshwa, by the English ambassador, presented by Mr. Huttman. Sir Alex. Johnston, Mr. Baber, and other members of the Society, also made some valuable donations connected with oriental literature and art. The paper read was entitled, "A sketch of the constitution of the Kandyan kingdom," communicated by Sir Alex. Johnston. The portion read comprised an account of the power and authority of the king, and also of the *adikars*, or noblemen of the highest rank, and the extent of their jurisdiction: to which succeeded a description of the elephant department, including an account of the method of catching and taming wild elephants. It was announced, that the anniversary meeting of the Society would be held on the 7th of June. The Abbé Dubois, formerly missionary in the Mysore, was introduced and admitted a foreign member.

MONTGOMERY'S LECTURES.

THE poetical genius of the author of the *Pelican Island*, the *World before the Flood*, &c., is too universally admitted for any critic now to do more than throw the mite of his praise towards the monument already erected by public gratitude. A life devoted to the study of one art, surely entitles a poet to have opinions thereon; and Mr. Montgomery's lectures are equally valuable for the feeling they evince, and the judgment they display. That on Tuesday last (the third of a series of six, delivering at the Royal Institution) abounded in nice discrimination and beautiful expression. We were particularly struck with one very fine and novel image—the lecturer was speaking of the difference between merely acquired knowledge and that inherent gift so well called inspiration. "The poet," he said, "goeth forth, even as Isaac, to meditate in the field at eventide—and Rebekah lifted up her eyes, and when she saw Isaac, she lighted off the camel; and she took a veil and covered herself." Even thus," said Mr. Montgomery, "does beauty come upon the solitude of the poet—hidden at first as with a veil; but assured that she shall be both sought and won." The sacred writings furnished him with another admirable illustration. "Poetry lies not so much in the object itself as in its associations. One weapon, hallowed by some ennobling memory, stirs the heart more than all the artillery in the Tower. The sword, while by the side of Goliath, was but an instrument of bloodshed; but religion lent its blessing to the blade when, in the

which could not be given in the room. Yet, between 300*l.* and 400*l.* was, we believe, subscribed on this occasion, including 25*l.* from Lord Brougham; 75*l.*, the price of a MS. by Mr. James, the author of *Richelieu*, &c., presented to the charity through Mr. Jerdan, and purchased by Messrs. Colburn and Bentley at that price; and 45*l.*, for a legacy of 50*l.* of Mr. Bulmer, the printer, a subscriber to the Fund from its origin, and a supporter who very rarely missed an anniversary till his death. Good examples, these!—Ed. L. G.

hands of David, it had smitten off the head of the giant, and executed the righteous judgment of God." The passage of the children of Israel through the Red Sea, both as told in the simple historical narrative, and enlarged upon in the choral hymn of triumph, had its splendid and energetic beauty pointed out, in a manner that shewed how well it was understood by the commentator. We most cordially recommend these lectures to our readers: if in hearing them, their taste is not heightened and refined, their attention more awakened to the beautiful, and poetry to them a thing of livelier interest, and yet of more daily occurrence—the fault will be with themselves, not with Mr. Montgomery.*

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.
[Second Notice.]

No. 162. *Caligula's Palace and Bridge*. J. M. W. Turner, R.A.; No. 169. *Salisbury Cathedral, from the Meadows*. J. Constable, R.A.—Fire and water. If Mr. Turner and Mr. Constable were professors of geology, instead of painting, the first would certainly be a Plutonist, the second a Neptunist. Exaggerated, however, as both these works are,—the one all heat, the other all humidity,—who will deny that they both exhibit, each in its way, some of the highest qualities of art? None but the envious or ignorant.

No. 7. *Subject from the Merchant of Venice*. G. S. Newton, A.—Rather defective in drawing, especially the countenance of Portia; but, nevertheless, an exceedingly clever and pleasing picture.

No. 18. *Hunt the Slipper*. A. E. Chalon, R.A.—The amusement (so happily described in the *Vicar of Wakefield*) is scarcely consistent with the character and costume of the party engaged in it. It looks as if the gay story-tellers of Boccaccio, having arrived at the end of their narratives, had suddenly burst into a game of romps. The colouring is brilliant, but there is a sad want of keeping in this picture.

No. 38. *A First-rate going down the Channel; the Land's End and Longship's Lighthouse in the distance*. W. Daniell, R.A.—The quotation from the *Corsair* is the best comment on this fine work.

"She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife;
Who would not brave the battle-fire, the wreck,
To move the monarch of her peopled deck?"

No. 63. *A Storm*. C. Stanfield.—We are happy to say, that in the announcement in our last Number but one, of the intended opening of the Exhibition, we were in error in stating that Mr. Stanfield had been prevented by illness from sending any of his works. We find that he has three, besides the beautifully executed performance, the title of which is at the head of the present notice.

No. 78. *An Italian Family—Costume of Cavi, near Palestrina*. C. L. Eastlake, R.A.—Simple in design, and clear and transparent in colouring.

No. 84. *Scene near Hastings*. Rev. T. J. Judkin, H.—Who would not wish to be transported for a time from the din and clamour of "the busy haunts of men," to enjoy the luxury of strolling in such a scene as this?

No. 85. *King James the Second, the Countess of Dorchester, and Kitty Chervil—vide Walter*

Colyton. S. Drummond, A.—Full of expression and spirit.

No. 86. *Interior of a Highlander's House*. E. Landseer, R.A. elect.—The picturesque character and masterly execution of the old man and his dogs are excellent; but the magic of the performance is the effect of the cool quiet light in the furthest part of the interior.

No. 92. *Circe*. H. Howard, R.A.—Mr. Howard could hardly have chosen a subject better suited to his classic pencil. Beauty of form, and varied and appropriate scenery, have combined to produce one of his most pleasing compositions.

No. 98. *A Sailing Match*. W. Mulready, R.A.—Mr. Mulready has depicted the only kind of sailing-match which to us, land-lubbers, has ever been interesting; and in so doing he has recalled to our minds some of the earliest delights of infancy. The contrast between the eager children who, reckless of danger, are leaning to their utmost stretch over the brook, and the boy of higher rank, who is not even permitted to pass along a wooden bridge without the aid of his vigilant attendant, is a fine touch of nature.

No. 99. *Pan and the Nymphs*. H. P. Bone.—A truly Arcadian scene; admirably composed, spiritedly executed, and brilliantly coloured.

No. 134. *Esther witnessing the honour conferred on Mordecai*. G. Jones, R.A.—It is reasonable to imagine that such a scene actually occurred. At any rate, the supposition has afforded this able artist an opportunity of shewing his powers in historical composition, as well as in the qualities of chiaroscuro and colouring.

No. 146. *Poachers Deer-stalking*. E. Landseer, R.A. elect.—It must have required a close and frequent observation of the manners and habits of these marauders, to characterise them so forcibly. The caution of the whole party, the ingenious device of concealing the face of the foremost (by means of a branch) from the quick eye of the deer, the eagerness of the dog, who it is evident will burst from all restraint the moment he hears a shot fired, are all finely represented.

No. 138. *The Morning Bath*. W. Collins, R.A.—One of Mr. Collins's best fruits of this year's growth. The subject is a coast scene. A female in the foreground has just lifted a dripping urchin from a watery—plunge, not grave,—for the spectator may almost hear the cries of the suffering wight. The attitude of another half-dressed child, on the beach, is admirably expressive of chilliness.

No. 144. *Nymph angling*. W. Etty, R.A.—Oh! sly, satirical Mr. Etty! Mark the moral that lurks under this apparently simple title. It is contained in the basket by the side of the fair damsel. They are gold and silver fish which she is hooking! Never was there a more deliciously painted picture.

No. 147. *Little Red Riding-Hood*. E. Landseer, R.A. elect.—Probably, like "Cottage Industry" in the British Gallery, a portrait in masquerade. We shudder at the idea of consigning so beautiful a little innocent to the jaws of the devouring wolf. The picture, in all its simplicity, is one we should most like to make our own from the Exhibition.

No. 155. *Medicine*. T. S. Good.—If a libel on "the human face divine" were punishable by law, Mr. Good ought to be indicted tomorrow morning. Such distortions of the countenance may shew the artist's skill, but they bear no evidence of his taste.

[To be continued.]

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

[Concluding Notice.]

No. 319. *A Windmill*. P. de Wint.—From the time of Rembrandt (the son of a miller) to the present day, windmills have been favourite studies of painters. The subject has been done ample justice to by this able artist, who, whether the composition partake of the sublime, as in No. 41. *Nant y Bellan, Wynnstay, Denbighshire*, or of the simple, as in No. 421, *A Fishing House, with Cattle*, acquits himself with equal credit.

No. 327. — Miss L. Sharpe.—!!!

No. 336. *Vintagers returning Home—Scene at Gensano*. P. Williams.—A beautiful drawing, both in character and in finish.

No. 354. *Fox and Duck*. J. F. Lewis.—An exquisite performance. It would afford a capital subject for a fable, the moral of which should be, "not to go out of one's own element." No. 300. *The Sleeping Hound, &c.*, by the same artist, is also admirable; and in No. 381. *Exterior of a Venetian Curiosity-Shop*, likewise by Mr. Lewis, a gorgeous accumulation of splendid materials is displayed with great skill and judgment.

No. 382. *Abon Hassem in the Palace of the Khalif of Bagdad—a Sketch*. J. Stephanoff.—Few artists have exhibited in subjects of this kind a richer vein of invention than Mr. Stephanoff. In this performance he appears to have given full scope to his powers; and the absence of finish is scarcely felt.

Among many other highly attractive works in this exhibition which our space will not permit us to particularise, are No. 29, *A Scene in the Highlands*, S. Austin; No. 275, *Dressing a Fly, at Stonebyers Falls, on the Clyde*, W. Nesfield; No. 407, *View in Haddon Hall, Derbyshire*, and No. 413, —, G. Cattermole; No. 417, *Morning Ablution*, A. Chisholme; &c. There is abundance of fruit and flowers, evidently of the richest flavour, and the most delicious fragrance, from the well-known stores of Mr. Hunt, Mrs. Fielding, and the Misses Byrne and Scott.

It is but just to add, that in our notice we have merely selected a few ears from a very ample and healthy sheaf of corn.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Views in the Burman Empire. Drawn on the spot by Captain J. Kershaw, 13th Light Infantry. Engraved by William Daniell, R.A. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Of the various picturesque works connected with India which have lately come under our notice, this is undoubtedly the most splendid and interesting. It has been got up at great expense; and the ten plates of which it consists furnish an excellent illustration of the beauty of the natural scenery, and of the magnificent and gorgeous character of the sacred edifices erected by superstition, in that part of the Burman empire which was traversed by the British invading army in their advance from Rangoon towards the capital. Captain Kershaw has been fortunate in having had his drawings transferred to copper by an artist so skilful in the management of aquatinta, and so thoroughly familiar with oriental subjects, as Mr. Daniell. The publication is accompanied by a brief description of the different views.

A New Series of Original Illustrations to all Editions of the Waverley Novels. Part III. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THIS Part contains twelve Illustrations of Ivanhoe, the Monastery, the Abbot, and Ke-

* We have to regret that we accidentally missed the first two of these lectures: Mr. M. is also, we observe, repeating his last year's course of four lectures at the London Institution.—Ed. L. G.

milworth. The principal gems are Newton's "Abbot Boniface," engraved by E. Finden; Wilkie's "Henry Warden and the Sub-Prior," engraved by Fox; Chalon's "Mary Stuart," engraved by Heath; and Leslie's "Earl and Countess of Leicester," engraved by Goodyear.

Panoramic View round the Regent's Park.

From Drawings taken on the spot by R. Morris, author of "Essays on Landscape Gardening," Ackermann.

A FAITHFUL and pleasing representation of the diversified objects which meet the eye during a walk, ride, or drive, in that most agreeable of modern creations. It is a publication exceedingly well suited to the drawing-room table; especially in the country.

England and Wales. From Drawings by J.

M. W. Turner, Esq. R.A. No. XII. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THE plates of "Windsor Castle" and "Eton [Eton] College" are splendid specimens of Mr. Turner's genius.

The Family Cabinet Atlas; constructed upon an original plan, and engraved on steel by Mr. Thomas Starling. Bull.

As far as we have had the means of examining this beautiful little publication, it appears to us that the object which the proprietors had in view, namely, "to supply with distinctness and accuracy the greatest quantity of geographical information in the smallest possible compass," has been completely accomplished.

His Majesty's most gracious Speech. Tilt.

THE Speech delivered by his Majesty on proroguing parliament, April 22, 1831, printed in gold, with rich and appropriate embellishments.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. Part XIII.—Tilt.

ANOTHER number of this beautiful publication. Nothing can be more charming than the "Links of Eyemouth," by Copley Fielding, from a sketch by J. Skene; and "Warwick from the Kenilworth Road," by J. Constable, R.A.; both engraved by E. Finden.

SCULPTURE.

WE have been highly gratified by a view of an exhibition of sculpture about to be opened to the public in Bond Street. The several groups of which it consists are the production of Mr. Peter Hollins, an artist who has risen to eminence at Birmingham, and now (with perfect safety) advances his claim to the approbation of London. A colossal group of the Murder of the Innocents (consisting of three figures, the murderer, the mother, and the child,) is a strong effort in composition; but we cannot say the subject is agreeable to us. The outstretched arm of the mother is, in our opinion, too straight; all the rest is true to nature in distress and horror. Conrad and Medora is very beautiful; but here again (for we are nothing if not critical) we absolutely command Mr. Hollins to take the ear-drops from Medora's ears;* they greatly injure the simplicity and expression of the head. The third group, of Aurora waking Zephyrus, is a most lovely design, and exquisitely executed. Alone, it is enough to make the fame of a sculptor. There are several very fine busts: one of Macready, as Virginus, is full of spirit, and a striking likeness.

* Since writing this, we happened to offer the same suggestion, *visu voce*, and the artist condescended to adopt it: manifestly, as we think, to the improvement of the fair Medora.

MR. LOUGH THE SCULPTOR.

WE hear that this most promising artist is engaged on a new work. It represents Mazeppa bound to the wild horse. We have not yet seen it; but are told that both the animal and human figures are finely and powerfully developed.

LODGE'S PORTRAITS.

MESSRS. HARDING and LEPARD have again opened their Gallery of Illustrious Portraits to view, by cards of admission, sent to the patrons and friends of the fine arts. We believe some fifty thousand persons visited this exhibition last year—a proof of the interest attached to the subject, and, we rejoice to say, of the popularity of the splendid work on which these gentlemen have been so long and so creditably engaged. The additions since made are of a nature, we think, to render the view yet more attractive. Already we have five distinct editions of the same publication in progress at the same time: if Messrs. H. and L. go on improving in this way, we are like enough to see ten. Among the new and admirably executed portraits, whence the engravings are to be made, we observe the celebrated Bolingbroke, the architectural Lord Burlington, Godolphin, Bute, Walpole, and other political gladiators of a former age. And there is also a fleet of admirals—Howe, Duncan, Jarvis, Nelson, Hood, Bridport, &c. &c., after noble pictures in the possession of their descendants or friends:—while Lord Heathfield, Abercrombie, and other distinguished warriors, from similar sources, illustrate the other service. The whole is a treat of no common order.

The First Sign in Egypt: from the Seventh Chapter of Exodus.

AMONG the pictorial efforts of our rising artists, our attention has been invited to an elaborate painting on the above sacred subject, by Mr. Scrymgeour, which, unfortunately enough for him, reached London from Scotland too late to prefer its claim for admission into the R. A. exhibition. Mr. Scrymgeour's name will be recognised by our readers as that of the painter of the portrait of General David Stuart, the much-esteemed Laird of Garth: he has now attempted a far bolder flight, and produced a work of very considerable talent in the highest walk of art. It represents Pharaoh on his throne, witnessing the discomfiture of the Egyptian priests, when "Aaron's serpent swallowed up the rest;" and is composed and coloured with great ability. As it is to be engraved, we cheerfully give it this notice, to compensate in some measure for the artist's disappointment at Somerset House. At the same time, we must guard him against anachronisms in his architecture: these may readily be altered, as they are not of importance to the picture.

Mr. Scrymgeour has also, we may say invented, a new kind of portrait painting, with a specimen of which we were much pleased. It is on copper, in oils, and about the size of a shilling; yet an excellent likeness, and possessing truth and force. As the materials are of a lasting quality, we can imagine nothing better suited to those dear recollections which are made to live on clasps, brooches, bracelets, and other female ornaments.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.

THE anniversary last Saturday was numerously attended: Lord Wharnclyff in the chair, supported by the Duke of Somerset, Sir M. A. Shee, Mr. Phillips, and other Academicians

and gentlemen on his right; and by the Earl of Jernyn, Sir John Swinburne, Mr. Wilkie, and other friends of the Fund, on the left. On drinking the health of the King, the chairman stated, that his Majesty had been graciously pleased to continue the royal annual donation of 100 guineas to this association; from which a very favourable augury of its future welfare might be drawn. The toast was hailed with enthusiasm, and the applause long continued. It is indeed by patronising Institutions which have for their object to promote the literature, arts, and sciences of the country, by providing for the relief of their less fortunate cultivators in the hour of distress, that kings most truly entitle themselves to the love of their subjects and the gratitude of posterity. Were we privy counsellors, this is a truism which we would very humbly, yet very sedulously, endeavour to impress on the mind of royalty. Political glories may, and are likely to fade away; but the fame founded on this basis is imperishable.*

On proposing the standing toast, "Prosperity to the Artists' Benevolent Fund," Lord Wharnclyff addressed some very feeling and judicious observations to the company. He alluded to the delight he experienced in turning from the turmoils of public affairs to the contemplation of master-pieces of art; to the calm and consolatory enjoyment of these, when worn and wearied by the excitement of politics, to which in his station of life he could not be a stranger. He took occasion to advise the chief ornaments of our native arts who heard him, and from many of whose productions he had reaped a similar delight, to continue in their noble course, and strive not to imitate but to emulate their mighty predecessors: to the younger portion of his auditory he recommended industry and perseverance, and, above all, MODESTY, as the only sure way to become distinguished in their profession. [This recommendation, though trite to some of these aspirants, is worthy of their earnest attention. Overweening self-conceit, the want of modesty, is the besetting sin and bane of too many of our young artists. To hear them talk of their superiors and their pictures, is often offensive as it is presumptuous, and ignorant as it is contemptible. Geniuses in their teens; pert, uninformed, (for it is almost a general evil, that they do not read to acquire knowledge, and are in this respect far below continental artists), and noisy, they might well take heed of what the chairman told them, instead of disturbing, as an ill-behaved specimen of the class did, almost every part of the proceedings of the evening, by a clattering of glasses, and other annoyances, which neither gentle hint nor frequent call to order could induce them to discontinue. Students guilty of bad manners, they may believe us, are not the most likely to become eminent painters.]

Sir M. A. Shee, on his health and prosperity to the Royal Academy being drunk, acknowledged the compliment with peculiar grace and happiness of diction. Among other points, he poetically and pathetically dwelt upon the claims of those to sympathy, whose fancy was so prone to beguile them into the apparently delicious region where so many flowers abounded, but where the fruits were so few.

Broadhurst, Taylor, Bellamy, and their companions, sang some excellent glees and songs:

* How remarkable it was, in the parliament of a nation boasting of its enlightened character, that on the discussion of the civil list, not a syllable was uttered respecting the best of its destinations, as the means of enabling the sovereign to be bountiful and munificent to the children of genius!

the subscription was considerable: and after Lord Wharncliff vacated the chair, it was taken by Mr. B. B. Cabell, a warm and liberal friend to the Fund, who kept up the social festivity till the whole closed in the most satisfactory manner.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

DEAF AS A POST.

'Tis in vain that Braham sings,
All in vain doth Oury play;
Vain are all the witty things
Witty people love to say;
Every pun on me is lost—
I'm as deaf as any post.

Vain to me is beauty's sigh;
How can I a lover prove?
Tell me, ladies, how can I
"Listen to the voice of love?"
Love is in a trumpet lost—
I'm as deaf as any post.

'Tis in vain that Irving preaches,
Though I am the pulpit near;
Vain to me all brilliant speeches—
Quite as vain the cries of "hear;"
Eloquence on me is lost—
I'm as deaf as any post.

Dire explosions, fraught with wonder,
Other ears are wont to flee;
Lion's roar and cannon's thunder
Are a distant hum to me;
Every sound on me is lost—
I'm as deaf as any post.

F. G.

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The programme of the sixth Philharmonic concert on Monday exhibited a selection superior to any of the preceding. Two such symphonies as Mozart's in E flat and Beethoven's in C minor, are worth two concerts of the ordinary kind, and never ought the annual series to be concluded without them. They were both sufficiently well executed not to disappoint the great expectations of the audience. The two principal vocalists, Lablache and Rubini, had both selected airs from an immortal composer's immortal work; the former "Madamina," and the latter "Il mio tesoro," from Mozart's Don Giovanni. If Signor Rubini were less lavish of ornamental additions, particularly shakes, even the most fastidious critic would find it difficult to pick out a fault in his style. In a composition of such length as the quintetto of Mozart, the repetition of each strain of the different movements had better be avoided, now that a composition is more easily understood; otherwise, nothing but praise can be given to Messrs. Spagnoletti, Griesbach, Moralt, Daniels, and Lindley, who played it.

* In this notice we have spoken freely of a matter which (on this occasion) the impetuosity of youth and the influence of wine might largely excuse; but it is well meant, and we trust will not be altogether lost on our juvenile artists. Let Lord Wharncliff's word, "modesty," be their motto and remembrancer, and they will find their advantage in it at public meetings, at exhibitions, in private society, and in the pursuits of their studies. For ourselves, or rather for the *Literary Gazette*, we have to say, that the encouragement of the Fine Arts and the interests of their professors have always been a marked and cherished object. Our criticisms have ever been favourable: we have pointed out beauties, in the ordinary language of praise, where it would have been no difficult thing to be very smart on blemishes—for it is wonderfully easy to find fault: and throughout the whole of our now somewhat lengthened and not unimportant course, we have endeavoured to raise our native school on its just merits, and never for an instant suffered any paltry triumph of wit or malice to interfere between us and that great consideration.

Miss Riviere, from the Academy of Music, made a very successful debut in Cimarosa's scena, "Deh! parlate." Her style and voice are good, though the latter is somewhat weak in the lower notes. Mr. Böhm, from the King of Bavaria's chapel, played a fantasia of his own on the flute, with a perfect command over the instrument. His tone is uniform and full, but not equal to Nicholson's. After the tretto, "Quel sembiante," from L'Inganno fortunato, by Miss Riviere, Lablache, and Rubini, this excellent concert concluded with Weber's overture to Der Freischütz. There are many better overtures than Spohr's to Jessonda, which concluded the first act; but Spohr is, with the directors, the order of the day.

MRS. ANDERSON'S CONCERT.

We have seldom witnessed on a similar occasion so distinguished an assemblage of rank and fashion as graced this lady's concert on Friday week. The musical attractions were of a high order. A new concerto in A flat, the masterly composition of Hummel, was brilliantly executed on the piano by Mrs. Anderson. Mori added fresh claims to being considered as yet the god of the bow in this country. Nicholson lent the wonders of his magic flute; while among the vocalists, Madame Stockhausen's charming *noceaux* of Swiss natural melody, Rubini's exquisitely finished Italian singing, and De Begnis' admirable buffa extravagances, left the audience nothing to desire. Mr. Parry, jun. was alarmed at the importance of "Napoleon's midnight review," or his powers are unequal to do it justice. What a thing it would be for Braham! The greatest possible praise is due to the orchestra, led by Spagnoletti, for their execution of this really fine piece of music. Mr. Ball's translation is unworthy of the original; and we recollect having seen a very superior version in print.

MR. C. POTTER'S CONCERT.

On Tuesday at the King's Theatre, was fully attended; and the performances, besides the display of other high musical talents, both vocal and instrumental, afforded that gentleman a favourable opportunity for exhibiting his great skill and effect upon the piano-forte.

SINGULAR MUSICAL PERFORMANCE.

We have rarely witnessed a more curious exhibition of musical ingenuity than the variety of sounds produced by an uncommon performer named Werner. With only the assistance of a zitter, or German guitar, he contrives to produce the effect of a whole band of music, and mingles together the bassoon, flute, trumpet, &c. The fulness and volume of sound given to the trumpet, contrasted with the softness of the flute, played in thirds, is truly extraordinary. The next part of the performance shewed a wonderful faculty of imitation: a whole farm-yard are supposed to be roused by the music; and the barking of dogs, the noise of cats, cocks, hens, &c. were blended in a *mélange* which truly might have been mistaken for real life. Mr. Werner has been blind from his birth: his performances have attracted much attention on the continent; and we hope his ingenious exhibition will meet due patronage from English friends.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Thursday, Madame Pasta made her first appearance, after an absence of three years, in the character of *Medea*, in Meyer's beautiful

opera of that name. She was greeted with the very flattering applause of the most numerous and fashionable audience which has graced the theatre this season. She sustained the character with her usual excellence, possessing the same volume, flexibility, and sweetness of voice, for which she was always so eminently distinguished. Her tragic acting was also, as usual, particularly fine: in the scene with the children she delineated the feelings of despair and of motherly affection with a force and truth, which we have not witnessed in any female performer since Mrs. Siddons retired from the stage. Signor Rubini, who, we believe, has been lately singing with Mad. Pasta at Milan, performed the character of *Egeus*. The duets between them were given with great effect, and were much and deservedly applauded. Lablache, as *Cruentes*, sang well. Curioni was *Gasone*, and Miss Fanny Ayton *Creusa*; so that the whole opera was admirably supported. Faliani was extremely interesting as *Irene*.

VARIETIES.

Fossil Belemnite.—It has hitherto been a matter of much speculation among geologists, whether the curious fossil, so abundant in some limestones, and known by the name of *belemnite*, ever contained an animal, or if it was the spine of a sea-urchin, or not at all of animal origin. It appears that a French naturalist has satisfactorily solved this question, having found in the department of Tarn all the parts of the molluscous animal in company with the fossil.

Public Edifices.—It is well said by Sir Martin Archer Shee, in a note to his *Rhymes on Art*, that "there is an economy that impoverishes, and an expense that enriches." This principle seems to be acted upon by the French government at the present moment. With a view of employing the labourers in Paris, the minister of commerce and public works has authorised the immediate application of the sums annexed to the following buildings:

Chambre des Députés	215,000 francs.
Eglise de la Madeleine	230,000
Arc de l'Étoile	375,000
Bibliothèque du Roi	125,000
Ecole des Beaux Arts	75,000

Education of the People.—In no fewer than a hundred and nine cities and towns in France, institutions have already been, or are about to be, established, at the public expense, for the instruction, by able professors, of a portion of the industrious classes of the people, in the geometrical and mechanical knowledge applicable to the useful arts. The number of pupils is estimated at between four and five thousand. Such efforts are worthy of a great nation.

Newspaper Reports.—The beautiful imaginings of newspaper intelligence, that sort of intelligence which the wise world takes so good-naturedly for gospel, and descants and reasons upon so judiciously, is finely exemplified in *Le Globe*, Paris journal, of the 28th April. Its account of the troubles reported to have broken out in London after the royal dissolution of Parliament, is news indeed, viz. that "the house of M. Peel and the hotel of the Duc de Wellington had been destroyed; and (clenching it by particulars!) the fine statue of Napoleon, by Canova, which the Duke of Wellington had placed in the *peristyle* of his abode, had been promenaded through the streets of London"!!!

The Camelpard.—We are sorry to see it stated, in the *Morning Chronicle*, that the camelpard, of which we gave an account in a

late Number, died on its passage off the Cape of Good Hope.

Production and Consumption.—A recent No. of *Le Globe* contains the following comparison of the inhabitants, productions, and consumption of France and Great Britain, including Ireland.

Subjects of Comparison.	France.	Great Britain.
Inhabitants.....	32,000,000	22,000,000
Acres (hectares) in cultivation	47,000,000	30,000,000
Gross produce of agriculture,		
in France.....	4,678,708,000	5,420,425,000
Net produce of ditto.....	1,344,703,000	2,681,150,000
Produce exported.....	149,050,000	75,725,000
Produce consumed.....	4,529,658,000	5,344,700,000
Individual landowners.....	19,000,000	8,892,000
Family ditto.....	3,904,000	1,779,000
An acre produces, on the		
average, in France.....	117	270
A labourer produces, on the		
average.....	346	609
Manufacturing individuals.....	6,352,000	11,306,858
Produce of manufactures.....	1,826,000,000	3,569,000,000
Every individual, therefore,		
produces on the average.....	206	613
Manufactured produce ex-		
ported.....	260,000,000	810,000,000
Ditto consumed.....	1,566,102,000	2,757,500,000
An inhabitant consumes, on		
the average, in manu-		
factured produce.....	48	125
In agricultural produce.....	141	242

Translators and Translations.—We observe, from the German catalogues, that Mr. Planché's *Descent of the Danube* has been translated into the language of that country. It is curious enough, that this author, who is so often charged by our contemporaries with writing nothing original, and being merely a translator from foreign tongues, should thus have had a prose volume added to the stores of German literature; his excellent drama of *Oberon*, so often mistaken for a translation, having previously received a similar honour.

Professors and Masters of the French Language.—We have seen a very able and judicious circular, addressed to the professors and masters of the French language in this country, urging them to form a society for various purposes; the principal of which are—the strength and respectability resulting from union; the exclusion of incompetent persons from the occupation of teaching; the sanction, by a diploma, of those who are properly qualified; and the gradual formation of a fund for the assistance of masters who have become aged and infirm, without having had it in their power to make an adequate provision for their own support. These are all excellent objects; and it will give us great pleasure to witness their accomplishment.

Organic Remains of Mont St. Pierre.—M. Van Hees announces, that the chalky land of Mont St. Pierre, near Maestricht, so famous for its bones of sea tortoises, mosasaures, &c. contains not only remains of seals and cetaceous animals, but also bones of terrestrial mammals. Some were discovered in July 1829, at a depth of 80 feet. The author and M. Von Breda, professor at Ghent, caused the excavations to be carried on, and collected teeth of ruminantia (horse, sheep, goats), pachydermata (pig), and carnivora (dogs). Mr. Van Hees supposes that this ossiferous deposit is more recent than the chalk, but more ancient than the diluvium which covers the summit of the mountain. To explain the occurrence of bones in a cretaceous rock, identical with the principal mass of the mountain, he thinks that we may have recourse to the supposition that there has been a cleft, afterwards filled with a chalky detritus, which has become hardened. As M. Morren has just found in the upper marine deposit of Brussels many bones, and as Dr. Fitton places the rock of Maestricht between the chalk and this last deposit, this hypothesis,

without proof, is entirely useless, and there only remains to ascertain whether we must consider it as an upper chalk formation, or a tertiary limestone, and of what weight the presence of fossils such as the belemnites may have in such considerations. The details which we are anxiously expecting regarding the tertiary formations of the Alps, that occur between the chalk and limestone, will also probably throw light on this question.

Observations on the Influence of Cold on newborn Children.—Dr. Trevisan has been making researches in Italy, principally at Castle Franco, analogous to those of Messrs. Villermé and Milne Edwards in France. The conclusions at which he arrives are:—In Italy, of one hundred infants born in December, January, and February, sixty-six die in the first month, fifteen more in the course of the year, and nineteen survive; of one hundred born in spring, forty-eight survive the first year; of one hundred born in summer, eighty-three survive the first year; of one hundred born in autumn, fifty-eight survive the same period. He attributes this mortality of infants solely to the practice of exposing them to the cold air a few days after their birth, for the purpose of having them baptised at the church. Dr. Trevisan, as well as MM. Milne Edwards and Villermé, calls the attention of the ecclesiastical authority to measures suited to put a stop to such disasters, without violating the precepts or practices of religion.

The Polish Language.—The Polish language is so difficult of pronunciation that some of the words are impracticable even to natives. Several of our newspapers have pretended to give the true pronunciation of the name of the celebrated General Skrzynecki for example, but erroneously; for it is spoken as if spelt Skrshe-necki: the two first letters, like *sk* in skate, gliding softly into the *she*.

Volcanoes in Central Asia.—The discovery of volcanoes, hitherto considered to be always in proximity to the ocean, in the central plains of Asia, is among the most interesting features of the late journey of De Humboldt. This celebrated traveller is about to present an account of these to the Academy of Paris, and we shall notice the results at a future opportunity.

Medical Botany.—The Medico-Botanical Society of London has offered a gold and a silver medal for the best essays on the questions, "What is the vegetable substance which could be employed with success in the cure of hydrophobia?" and "On the medicinal qualities and uses of any indigenous plant, which is not yet sufficiently known, or on new uses and applications of any other indigenous plants."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertiser, No. XX. May 14.]

Killarney Legends, arranged as a Guide to the Lakes; edited by T. Crofton Croker, Esq.; with six illustrative engravings from drawings by Alfred Nicholson, Esq.—*The Life and Times of England's Patriot King, William the Fourth*; Part I., with two engravings.—A new weekly theological publication, to be called the *Anti-Infidel*, is announced.—The second volume of the *Life of Thomas Ken*, deprived Bishop of Bath and Wells; including the period of fanatical Puritanism, from 1640 to the death of Cromwell; by the Rev. W. L. Bowles, is nearly ready.—*Ivan Vejegeho, or Life in Russia*, a novel; by Thaddeus Bulgarian: a translation.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Panorama of Constantinople and its Environs, royal 4to., plain, 11. cloth; coloured, 11. 14s. cloth.—*Journal of Voyages and Travels by Tyerman and Bennet*, compiled by J. Montgomery, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 16s. cloth.—*Rev. J. Slade's Sermons*, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—*Familiar Introduction to the Christian Religion*, in a Series of Letters by a Senior, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—*The Young Christian's Sunday Evening*, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—*The Atonement and Sacrament*

of the Lord's Supper considered, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—*Memoir of Jane Judson*, by the Rev. Bourne Hall Draper, 18mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—*Roxobel*, by Mrs. Sherwood, 3 vols. 12mo. 11. 7s. cloth.—*Lee's Analysis of Seekers Lectures*, post 8vo. 4s. bds.—*D'Emden's Gender of French Nouns*, square 12mo. 9d. sewed.—*Map of the Basin of the Tay*, from a Survey by James Knox, 11. 1s. in case; *Topography of the Basin of the Tay* (being a companion to the Map), 12mo. 9s. bds.—*Haverhill*; or, *Memoirs of an Officer in the Army of Wolfe*, by James Athearn Jones, Esq., 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. bds.—*Alexander on the Canon of Scripture*, 12mo. 6s. 6d. bds.—*Moll's Ancient History of Medicine*, 4to. 6s. bds.—*Blickstein's Chief Concerns of Man*, 12mo. 5s. bds.—*"The Horse"*, from the Library of Useful Knowledge, 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—*Family Cabinet Atlas*, complete, 12mo., plain, 11. 10s. cloth; coloured, 21. 2s. cloth.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday..... 5	From 31. to 53.	29.52 to 29.48
Friday..... 6	31. to 50.	29.64 to 29.70
Saturday..... 7	20. to 53.	29.92 to 29.60
Sunday..... 8	34. to 53.	30.06 to 30.22
Monday..... 9	27. to 50.	30.14 to 30.19
Tuesday..... 10	30. to 55.	30.25 to 30.11
Wednesday 11	26. to 60.	30.11 to 30.13

Prevailing wind, N.E.

Except the 5th, generally clear; frequent showers during the 9th.

Rain fallen, 2 of an inch.

Aurora Borealis.—On the evening of Sunday the 6th, a generally diffused light illumined our hemisphere; only one coruscation appeared, which darted up about due north, to a distance of 20° from the horizon, and moved thence about 30° westward of the north, when it suddenly disappeared.

Edmonton. Latitude..... 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude..... 0 31 W. of Greenwich.

* Certainly not in the whole range of our Meteorological Journal, which was commenced in the year 1774, and perhaps never before, has the face of nature been so suddenly and so seriously changed as on the night of the 6th or morning of the 7th inst. During the past, and the first six days of the present, month, every tree, plant, and shrub, reminded us of reviving nature and parturient spring; or, as the poet beautifully expresses it:

"Bathed in soft dew, and fann'd by western winds,
Each field its bosom to the gale unbids;
The blade darts boldly rise new suns beneath,
The tender vine puts forth her flexible wreath,
And, freed from southern blast and northern shower,
Spreads, without fear, each bud, and leaf, and flower."

Yet, how different was the appearance of vegetation on the 7th of May, 1831! Every tree and shrub has, more or less, felt the extreme severity of the weather. The leaf of the vine, the walnut, and the oak, is shrivelled and black; the appearance is, indeed, precisely as if burnt, and upon being pressed crumbles to dust. The gooseberries, currants, and cherries, appear as if boiled; and being shaken, the fruit falls from the tree. The extent of the damage done to other fruits of the earth, time alone can shew.

Subjoined is the minimum of the thermometer during the month of May, for the last forty years:—

Year.	Min.	Year.	Min.
1780..... 40		1811..... 40	
1791..... 31		1812..... 32	
1792..... 43		1813..... 39	
1793..... 44		1814..... 33	
1794..... 44		1815..... 40	
1795..... 36		1816..... 32	
1796..... 33		1817..... 29	
1797..... 36		1818..... 35	
1798..... 38		1819..... 28	
1799..... 30		1820..... 26	
1800..... 40		1821..... 29	
1801..... 30		1822..... 34	
1802..... 30		1823..... 32	
1803..... 32		1824..... 28	
1804..... 37		1825..... 34	
1805..... 31		1826..... 20	
1806..... 40		1827..... 31	
1807..... 36		1828..... 23	
1808..... 35		1829..... 24	
1809..... 37		1830..... 30	
1810..... 34			

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We know nothing, of our own knowledge, of Captain Norton's rifle-shell, and can consequently insert no eulogium upon it: the *Literary Gazette* is not the "given point" where an explosion in its praise is sure to take place. Besides, the invention, whatever it is, has been long and repeatedly brought before the public.

To Z. Z.—we think Macfarlane's Travels are those alluded to.

* Owing to the pressure of more temporary matter, we have to postpone the Bishop of Salisbury's Address at the Anniversary Meeting of the Royal Society of Literature.—Continuation of Review of State Papers.—A biographical sketch of Mr. Hamper, the antiquary, deceased.—and several Reports of scientific Societies, &c. &c.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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MUSIC.

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Contents.—Musical Literature.
Memoirs of Italian Soprano—English School of Music—On Ecclesiastical Choirs—On the Italian Theatre—Autobiography of an Amateur Singer—Metropolitan Concerts—Diary of a Dilettante—Review of New Music—Ancient and Philharmonic Concerts—Foreign Musical Report—The Drama; Italian Opera—Zemira ed Azor, at Covent Garden, &c. &c.

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